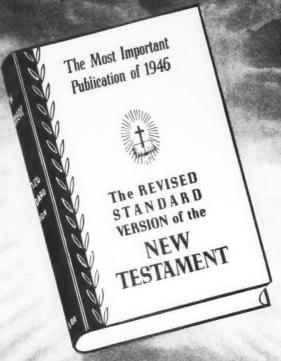
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The Memorial Home Community is not an institution with a building that houses all—it is a COMMUNITY OF HOMES, a little village of homes, each house with three or four apartments, each apartment as complete in itself as a little house.

It is a beautiful thing we are able to do for these workers in the vineyard, but not nearly enough. From the hour a man decides to become a minister, he knows there will be many comforts and worldly benefits he must eschew. From that hour he becomes a servant—a servant to God and to human beings everywhere. No matter where he is called to serve, he must answer the call. His hours of service are twenty-four a day; he lives no life other than in service to his God and man.

We do not ask that you give charity to these servants of God, we ask that you help us continue to do the work that has been done for nearly twenty years and to make it grow so that more and more retired ministers and their wives can join this Community where they can live decently on their pensions. We want to keep the high standard already set

by keeping the buildings and the little village in good repair. We need many new things to replace those that have had twenty years of service, such as mattresses that have grown hard and roofs that have become leaky. This is another of Christian Herald's works and we want you to be proud of it.

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Send us the names of friends who would be interested in this work for retired ministers and their wives, we will send them a booklet we have prepared telling of the Memorial Home Community and its needs. There are no vacant apartments and there is a long waiting list—help us get more houses by interesting your friends and the friends of ministers everywhere.

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"... of such is the Kingdom of Heaven"



BY THE COUNTRY PREACHER

"SOUTH NORTH-FIELD" is a name which amuses a stranger. It sounds like a contradiction in terms. But in this hamlet there is a tiny white church where I preach on Wednesday

evenings. I asked little Barbara Dolan to take the offering. To each contributor she timidly said, "Thank you!" But what most diverted the congregation happened after she had made her rounds, and laid the plate on the table. As she went back down the aisle I said "Thank you, Bobbie." With fine courtesy she stopped, turned facing me and said, "You are wowcome. Doctor Hooit!"

Bobbie was only four. Norman Barrows was a little older when I baptised him in the Congregational Church at Barton. His parents led him forward, but the boy was large enough to go on his own power. The ceremony over, he marched back down the aisle, looking right and left and calmly announcing to the congregation, "I don't want to be baptised any more!"

Mary Lanoe was between four and five when she entered the manse, sat down in the little rocker kept for tots and announced. "Next year I'm going to be a nurse and get married." When Mary had pneumonia. her report of the stethoscope was, "The doctor telephoned my nightie."

My nearest neighbor, little Don Kerr has imagination. "I'm Buffalo Bill today," he said as he entered the house. Wearily refusing an invitation to a chair, he said. "O no! I'm two thousand miles from camp and it's late afternoon, and I've got to walk it all and if I don't start I won't get there before night."

Nancy's mother went to the hospital and came back with a little brother. Nancy asked where the little sister was. Then daddy had to go for an appendectomy and she was in high hopes. Daddy had gone to the hospital, too; she was to

have a little sister. In the parsonage at St. Albans where I was preaching in Lent was a little niece of the minister's wife. Twinkie and I formed such an attachment that young Aunt Mae thought I would have more time to meditate if I did not rise early. but would have breakfast in bed. Segregation failed. In the dusk of morning I heard the knob turning. A little head was at the level of my pillow. "Doo!" was Twinkie's version of "How do you do?" Then a voice from the bathroom, "Twinkie!" The tot pointed in the direction of the disturbance and said, "Beeye!" which being interpreted meant that Uncle Billy was calling her. There was nothing to do about it, the call was merely in-formation to be reported. But Aunt Mae retrieved her. "Twinkie, young ladies do not invade gentlemen's rooms.

Once a fluffy little chicken attracted Twinkie so that she embraced it with fatal results. Her doleful conclusion was, "I loved him too squeezy!"

-ARTHUR W. HEWITT





She was an inspiration

Every Sunday she played the church organ, while her husband and children sat in the family pew, enthralled by her music which so obviously inspired the choir and congregation. She was ever an inspiration to her family, friends and church.

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Question:

I do not like your answer about women wearing slacks. There is Scripture against it. (Quotations from the Old Testament are here included: Deuteronomy 22:5 and Exodus 20:26.) You should have given Scriptural answers.

Answer

A number of our correspondents have expressed themselves in much this same way. By the test here imposed we would all eat "Kosher." We face another difficulty-the attire of men and women was strikingly similar in these early times. Even pictures of Jesus show him in robes that would now be feminine, rather than masculine. In Eastern countries what is classified in the West as male attire, viz. pantaloons, is and has been for generations, female attire. Here again II Corinthians 3:6 is significant. I repeat my former answer: It would be difficult to draw the line. In some religious orders men wear skirts and other garments that are associated with women in civilian life. No, I am very sure that God has no judgments as to slacks. Other matters of good taste, times and places may be involved.

Question:

I am earnestly searching for truth. I just can't be convinced that God has anything to do with me personally. What is my relationship to God? How am I more than any other animal?

Answer:

In all the particulars there are many answers for this question. For me the Scriptures themselves and always the words of Jesus first, have the answers. To the one asking this question I would say: read the Gospels, beginning with St. Mark. Read then Paul's letters to the Corinthians and the great book of Hebrews. For one troubled with the evolutionary hypothesis, here is something from Dr. Arthur H. Compton, distinguished physicist and Nobel Prize winner, now chancellor of Washington University. The paragraph is taken from "The Human Meaning of Science," pages 83 and 84:

"We find, however, that we are able to adapt our environment to our needs. In fact, we are masters of the plant and animal life on the earth, and have in our hands the means of controlling to a large extent even the direction of our own evolution. My late colleague, Dr. Breasted, placed 'the Dawn of Conscience' at five or six thousand years ago. For the preceding thousand million years of the earth's history, God held in His own hands the whole responsibility for evolution of life upon this planet. Gradually, as we are acquiring a social conscience, this responsibility is being shifted to our shoulders. As free men we are learning to assume the obligations that come with freedom. Thus consciously sharing God's great task, men may now fairly be called His children."

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Question:

What is the national Prohibition situation? Are the Drys really making any gains?

Answer

The New York Daily News, which is anything but dry, carried a second-page story in its issue of April 8 which paints a gruesome picture for the Wets. Portraits of Mrs. D. Leigh Colvin, president of the Women's Christian Temperance Union and of the Honorable Clinton N. Howard, general superintendent of the International Reform Bureau, gave life to the article which stated that already more than 26 million Americans live in dry territory-or one-fifth of the population. The article affirms that with the exception of great urban centers, the country may be dry again within a decade, Governor Robert S. Kerr of Oklahoma said recently, "The liquor interests claim that more liquor is consumed in prohibition states than in wet states. They are either lying or are crazy, or both. If dry states are consuming more liquor than wet states, why are the liquor interests spending millions of dollars trying to make dry states wet?"

Question:

Is not the slump in Sunday-school attendance due very largely to the fact that parents no longer go to Sunday school?

Answer:

Well certainly here is the reason why a good many children do not go. Recently, the Cleveland Hill Evangelical Sunday school in Buffalo, N. Y. ran the following ad in a community paper: "Wanted—Parents to bring their children to Cleveland Evangelical Sunday School for Christian training and Bible study. Every Sunday morning at 9:30 A.M. Classes for all ages." Let us hope that it paid to advertise.

Question:

Cannot Christian Herald pay more attention to juvenile delinquency—or are general conditions reassuring?

Answer:

We are paying attention to this imperative problem and shall pay more attention to it. Edgar Hoover stated recently that in nearly 2,000 cities with a total population of more than 65,000,000, every class of offense rose in 1945. Robberies were up 26.6%; auto thefts, 18.7%; burglaries, 17%; manslaughter, 16.2%; murders, 10.1%; rape, 5.7%. There is nothing comforting about these figures.

Question:

Are the American people in favor of OPA? I have read so many conflicting reports and seen so many different polls that I am not convinced.

Answer:

A cross-section of all polls shows 70% of the people asking for OPA continuance. It is affirmed by responsible authorities that if ceilings were removed and prices advanced as they did in 1919 and 1920, increases would be like this:

Question:

Where in the world is the least occupied territory for possible foreign occupation?

Answer:

I am not sure, but Australia, with an area as large as the United States, has a population considerably less than that of New York City. Even at her present high birth rate, twenty years from now she will have less than 9,000,000 people. Making full allowance for her desert interior, she could support twenty million and more.

Question:

What is the size of Iran and why all the commotion over this remote country?

Answer:

Iran has 628,000 square miles which is one-fifth of the area of the United States. Eighty percent of her fifteen million population are stock raisers or farmers. Her food production per person exceeds that of nearly all other Asiatic lands. Also Iran is the fourth largest petroleum producer in the world, and that concession is owned by Britain.



- "I joined the church in 1872 at the age of 12. I wish The Upper Room had been published then—I might have been a better Christian."
- "I keep The Upper Room at my bedside. It seems to give me just what I need each day."
- "I am 86 years young. My eyes do not allow much reading but I read the daily devotions, every one."
- "I am a shut-in but I am so happy to have such a comforting friend as The Upper Room. I find the daily reading of The Upper Room has kept me close to the Master. It gives me a feeling that I am not alone."
- "My day never goes right if I don't have the spiritual food with which my Upper Room provides me."
- "The Upper Room is without a doubt the finest piece of religious literature that comes to me in the service. It is a classic of religious truth and inspiration."
- "My sister began reading the Bible because I handed her The Upper Room. My cousin, a backslider of many years, came back to the fold through the ministry of The Upper Room."
- "We passed it around among the chaps in the foxholes, and sometimes one, sometimes another carried it into action."
- "My wife sends me a copy of The Upper Room. She reads it at home to the children. I read the same message on the same day here in my barracks or even in a foxhole. It is a source of spiritual communion that binds me to my family and my God."
- "Through our German chaplain I got The Upper Room. I am now a daily reader. The lessons are for me a light in this darkness." (From a German prisoner of war.)

Copies of this leading book of daily devotions are yours to use or distribute among those you think would benefit. Ordered in quantities of ten or more, the cost is only 5 cents per copy, postpaid. Single copy, 10 cents. Use order form below.

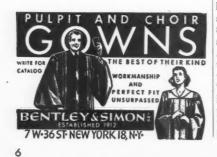


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The Upper Room





"Several bodies we"

It's high time for laymen to do something about a condition in Protes, tantism which forces us to sing "We are not divided, all one body we" with our tongues in our cheek!

By Robert Edgar

Minister, Community Church, Glenview, Ill.

THE Protestant churches are confronted with a scandal. It's not the kind of scandal where the treasurer absconds with the money, or where the preacher runs off with the organist. It is far more serious. This scandal is our more than 250 competing denominations.

E. Stanley Jones tells of three churches he saw in San Francisco, all very near to each other. Above the entrance of one were these words: "The Church of God." On the bulletin board of another he saw, "The *True* Church of God." Down the street and around the corner he was confronted with this name on the third church: "The *Only* True Church of God." For intelligent Christians, this is scandalous.

There are three harmful effects of this sectarian scandal:

In the first place, it is a scandal for the Church to be so divided because it splits communities into conflicting lovalties. Our competing churches actually hinder the growth of real religion. There is hardly a town or village in the United States that is not ridiculously overchurched. We find four to six Protestant churches in towns of less than 1000 inhabitants. Thirty to forty churches are maintained in small cities of twenty to fifty thousand population. Each one of these churches conducts an ineffective, competitive program for Sunday school, women's groups, men's clubs, etc., in order to secure its resources. This competition brings about division, breeds pride and animosity toward those of other churches.

In the second place, it is a scandal for the Protestant Church to waste your money in its ineffective sectarianism. The "1946 Year Book of American Churches" indicates that, on the basis of the per capita giving in nineteen of the largest denominations, Protestants representing 250 sects contributed more than \$700,000,000. It took this amount to support the 230,000 Protestant churches. Although we Protestants have just twice the membership of our Catholic friends. we support 17½ times as many churches. This is not a quality of strength. It's an indication of Protestant weakness. Eighty percent of the \$700,000,000 we Protestants contributed in 1944 was consumed in the upkeep of these 230,000 churches. The remaining 20 percent (or \$140,000, 000) went for missionary work: that is, for purposes other than the expenses of the local church. And what is just as scandalous, most of this is wasted as the majority of these 250 denominations set up duplicating organizations for distributing these missionary funds. How much is spent for the salaries of secretaries, superintendents, bishops and other denominational executives, which could be saved in a united effort, would be astounding if really known.

In the third place, its divisiveness actually contributes to the disunity of the world. This is all the more dangerous at this great turning point in the history of the world when the hope of survival of mankind can be found only in the unity of all people and nations. The atomic age has telescoped history thousands of years. A year ago we thought we had another generation or two for world acceptance of Christ's principle of the Brotherhood of Man. We thought we had that much time before science could bring us close enough in space so we could destroy ourselves by force in hate and greed and selfishness. Just a year ago, the new scientific age ushered in by the atomic bomb convinced the world that the time is truly short for this concept of brotherhood and love to permeate all nations. Our church leaders are saying, and rightly so, that our only hope for this civilization is in the moral principles of love and goodwill among the peoples of a united world. Yet the Church, which professes these principles of unity and Christian oneness, is the most divided of all institutions!

What, then, can we do, about this scandal in the church? To whom may we turn for leadership? Our first thought is naturally to our denominational executives. Surely, they recognize this cancerous evil in Protestantism! They do. Almost every denominational leader has been giving unqualified lip service to the principle of church unity. And yet Dr. Mark Dawber of the Home Missions Board of the Federal Council of Churches recently said: "If the United Church could arise out of the denominations, I would be the first person to respond. But I do not see it on the horizon. The denominational leadership is lacking the courage and the vital Christianity it will take to
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take to lead out in such a movement."

Well, if our denominational leaders either cannot or will not show us the way, to whom may we turn? The only answer is to you laymen who make up the Church. You pay the bills. You man the organizations of the Church. You ARE the Church. You should have something to say about the money and time and leadership you are investing. This is your scandal, and you can do something here. First of all, get the laymen of other

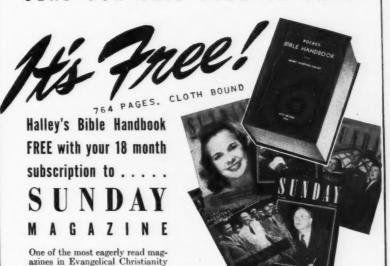
churches in your community together and talk this matter over. It won't take you long to see the waste and ineffectiveness of the competing churches in your community. Help other laymen to realize that they are responsible for this scandal in the church and that they can do something about it. Then call in your respective ministers and tell them what you want. We ministers have been milking you laymen long enough for the kind of pastures we have been providing as your grazing grounds. We need you to tell us how you want these hundreds of millions spent that you contribute to Protestantism every year.

This is not a new idea. It has been tried in many communities, and it has worked. The laymen in Ohio have arisen to their responsibilities and have been organizing community-centered churches the state. They have comhard several churches into one united fellowship. They have helped to get new churches started where new communities have been built, and let the laymen decide what denominational connection the community church should have. They would not allow several denominational churches to push their way into a new community to split up the loyalties. In May of this year a National Council of Community Churches set up a temporary organization for the purpose of helping laymen unite the churches in their community. Dr. Roy A. Burkhart, minister of the First Community Church in Columbus, Ohio, was elected president. This church union movement is now spreading throughout the country under the leadership of devoted laymen who want to make the churches in their community united and Christian.

As General Eisenhower was being congratulated by newsmen after the great D-Day invasion, one of them said, "It is great how you were able to coordinate all the teams that shared in this colossal enterprise." Eisenhower turned quickly and said, "Not teams, but team!" You see, that's it. Not a lot of teams working together with opportunity for argument and disunity, but one team. The Christian Church needs to unite as one team and speak unitedly to the world of nations if we are to have any effect upon the peace that is being written.

Will you laymen become His disciples and lead the way in overcoming this scandal of disunity, of divisiveness, and of competition in His church? It's up to you!

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Cup-runneth over

AT HOME

wages: Mr. Philip Murray of the CIO, is beseeching President Truman to call a labor-management conference—quick! There is a crisis, says Mr. Murray: the cost of living is rising faster than wages, and unless prices are kept down as wages go up, we are "set for a new depression."

That is putting the cart before the horse, and we are somewhat amazed at Mr. Murray's economics. Years ago we learned that the cost of living always soars before wages go up; that is histori-



Edited by Gabriel Courier





EWING GALLOWAY

"NOT WHERE TO LAY HIS HEAD." Houses for veterans still plague us. Some vets are glad to get even a barrack-like makeshift (above, left) like those going up at Jamaica Bay, N. Y. Others get their money's worth in neat, durable brick-veneer homes (right) on Long Island, at \$8500. But how many vets have \$8500?

cal truth, if Mr. Murray cares to look at it. Never have wages gone up first, in any national situation.

Rising prices must be curbed, says the head of CIO. We're for that, one hundred percent. But-how on earth are prices to be curbed with labor plotting bigger and better strikes? You can't expect a manufacturer to lower the retail price on his commodity when his employees constantly force more and more money out of him for wages; that just doesn't make sense. Here we are with the price of automobiles forced up by the recent UAW strike-and now the UAW is talking of another strike to get yet more money! Does anyone honestly believe that the price of autos will come down if the pay of the auto worker goes

Unchecked profiteering on the part of management we hate; we also hate greed in the ranks of labor.

ELECTIONS: Two election results interest us this month: the fall of a dynasty in Wisconsin, the purge in Missouri.

After twenty-one years of service in the United States Senate, "Young Bob" La Follette of Wisconsin finds himself displaced in Wisconsin by a comparative unknown. Bob was one of the ablest Senators in Washington—both Republicans and Democrats will tell you that, and his passing from the capitol is mourned by men of every conceivable political hue. But gone he has, and with him a dynasty founded by his father. When Bob took his followers back into the ranks of Wisconsin Republicans, the doom of the dynasty was sealed.

His opponent looked at La Follette's record, and the voters found the record not too good, in the light of current international thinking. La Follette, brilliant as he was on other counts, was too much the narrow isolationist, and that really

finished him. He has learned what Wheeler of Montana and Shipstead of Minnesota have already learned: that the country is ahead of them in thinking internationally, and that the narrow view no longer pays dividends at the polls.

An unknown—Enos Axtell—also won in Missouri, but won with the help of the most formidable array of political machinery in the history of the state. Pulling for the victor, against incumbent Congressman Slaughter, was the old Prendergast machine, the CIO, and the President of the United States. The presidential angle is worth study.

Mr. Slaughter blocked some presidential projects in the Rules Committee of the House; he was noticeably anti-Truman several other times, and the President went all-out to retire him to private life. Some say the President is right in "butting in" in a local election, some say he should "be dignified and mind his own business." Right or wrong, the purge came off. It did not weaken Mr. Truman's standing, or his chances in the next presidential election.

We don't particularly object to a President fighting for his program. What's he there for?

BOMB: Somehow, discussion on the control of the atomic bomb seems to have waned. We talk of peace by way of international understandings on Germany, Italy and Japan, but why do we cry peace, peace with this bomb in the offing? There can be no peace of mind anywhere in the world so long as the threat of atomic destruction is maintained.

There are two things we can do, and only two, with this weapon. We can try to outlaw it. We can destroy the stockpiles, dismantle the factories, regulate the distribution of the raw materials, start all over again with pre-atomic weapons if and when war comes again. We can try that; frankly, we believe it will not work. When gunpowder was invented, the Chevalier Bayard wanted to outlaw it; when the submarine was invented, we thought it might be nice if all the nations would promise never to use it in battle. What children we were!

The other thing we can do with the bomb is to abolish war, using the threat of the bomb as a lever. This is what Mr. Baruch wants to do, with his widely discussed plan of atomic control. There are of course seemingly insurmountable obstacles to this. The United States Senate, the British Parliament, the French Chamber, the Japanese Diet—every government on earth would probably think twice before outlawing war with things as they are now. But a concert of nations, working together, could and must outlaw war. The UN can do it, if it will.

So long as we have war, any weapon available will be used; it is just too much to expect that all men are decent enough to reject a weapon, however horrible, if that weapon will win. But when the strengths of nations are pooled against the aggressor, that aggressor will think twice before raising his mailed fist. It is the only way.

courier's cues: Top men in CIO expect a big political split soon . . . The case of Sergei Rubinstein, international money manipulator, is expected to give off greater fireworks than the Garsson case . . . Rumblings grow in the Balkans; rumor says Balkan countries are already restless behind the Russian iron curtain . . . Meat rationing will hit us again around January 1st A freight car shortage will make transportation difficult, if not critical, by middle of November. . . . And that's all for this month.

exchange: By this time, it is pretty evident that there will have to be a lot of education before the world gets the peace it longs for. Mistaken conceptions of national characteristics and ambitions will have to be wiped out; we will have to know a lot more about each other before we can really understand why we all talk and act as we do.

To get that understanding, the world's leading educators are talking more and more about exchange scholarships. They would, for instance, send fifty American collegians or high-school youth to study in England, in exchange for fifty British youth to study here. Some of the educators are saying that there should be at least 50,000 scholars exchanging every year, and that not only young students but books, publications, music and literature should be exchanged. Dr. A. J. Belford of Scotland proposes that a boatload a week, containing 1,000 students between the ages of 10 and 17, be exchanged between Scotland and the United States.

We're for it. It will be easier to establish the desired understanding in the minds of youth than in the minds of those older ones whose concepts, right or wrong, have something of the flexibility of a granite rock. Let's start it, now.

ABROAD

PALESTINE: It's difficult to know which city to start with this month—Jerusalem or Calcutta. Perhaps it had better be with Jerusalem: the trouble there will last longer.

Riot is king in the City of David. The British shoot Jews; the Jews bomb the British; the Arabs are evidently just standing around watching the killing. It looks to us like the lovely lady watching her suitors beat each other to death. All the Jew wants is a homeland to call his own—which, as we've said here before, seems reasonable and possible enough. All the Arab wants is for the Jew to get out. All the British want is —Palestine.

There seems to us, at this point, two phases of this fighting to keep clear. One is that the British are fighting not because they have any particular love for either Jew or Arab; the British fight because they want to fortify Palestine and make it their military base in the Mediterranean. The other is that there are still Jews by the tens of thousands wandering over Europe who have no place to lay their weary heads. It is no solution to open the United States for fifty thousand of them; it is a solution to let them into Palestine, where they want to go.

We are encouraged by the rejection of the British petition-plan by President Truman. That was a makeshift, at best; it would solve nothing except to keep the British in Palestine. It is time the U.S. worked out its own Palestine policy, and stuck to it. We followed the British lead just before World War II, and what happened then? We followed the British lead in Argentine and Spain—and what came of that?

Why don't you speak for yourself, John?

INDIA: Two thousand at least lie dead in the streets of Calcutta; thou-

sands more have been hurt in riots which have all but gotten completely out of hand. And you can't blame the British for this one.

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These riots are worse than any anti-British affairs; they are worse because they are religious riots, with Moslem fighting Hindu. Both Jinna of the Moslems and Nehru of the Hindus are opposed to this violence, but they are voices crying in a wilderness of hate. There will be more thousands killed before the end is come.

We say they are religious riots; better, they are political riots with a religious background. The Moslem refuses to accept rule by the majority—which would mean rule by the despised Hindu, Ultimately, the Moslem will bow to it, either setting up his own Moslem state inside India (which seems to us to be the most feasible solution) or making the best of it where he is now. Stopping the trend of majority rule in India is like trying to sweep back the sea with a whiskbroom.

When they get tired enough of killing each other, they will sit down and talk it over. But not until then.

REVOLUTION: Field Marshal Montgomery comes up (in Parliament) with suggestions to make the soldier's life livable, comparable to civil life, and more attractive. The suggestions border on the ridiculous. The field marshal would give Tommy Atkins a bed to sleep in, instead of a bunk, and the privilege of reading at night! That should cause a flood of enlistments, immediately.

It will not, and we all know it. These futile gestures at appeasing the buck private, on both sides of the Atlantic, not only are inadequate; they will never take place. All this talk about "equality" between U.S. soldiers and their officers has died down; it was a flash in the pan, and nobody took it very seriously.

There is only one way to make the business of war attractive. Take the killing out of it! (Then it wouldn't be war.) It doesn't make much difference, on the eve of probable death in battle, whether a man sleeps in a bed or a bunk,

PARIS: The conversations go on at Paris—on and on and on. The delegates haggle over procedures—which, truth be said, must be straightened out before they can get at their real business, which is peace. Nine-tenths of the Conference proposes this or that; the one-tenth represented by the Russian bloc disposes. Mr. Molotov has more monkey-wrenches than a boiler-factory.

What Mr. Molotov is actually up to at Paris, of course, is not just making a general nuisance of himself. There is method in his madness: he stalls for two good reasons. One: he refuses to cooperate here so that he may have good excuse for not cooperating later, at the next meeting of the Big Four. Two: he

stalls for time until Russia can consolidate her position behind the iron curtain drawn across the Balkans. Once that position is consolidated, he can refuse even to discuss peace. And what can be done about it, then?

We like Mr. Byrnes, more and more, as this Conference goes on. We like especially his little gesture in shaking hands with Signor de Gasperi, when that harassed Italian made his plea for a more generous Italian peace. That's a spirit of which we have not seen enough at Paris. But the spirit is there. There is in all these men—save, possibly, the Russians—a genuine desire to give the world a peace that will stick, a peace that will lift the awful burden of fear from the back of every nation represented there.

to

We may be going 'way, 'way out on a limb—but we dare to think they will do it. It may take a long time, but we have a feeling that in the end, even Russia will have to fall in line.

before, announces that plans are being laid for a meeting early next year of representatives of all Asiatic countries. Purpose of the meeting: to insure unity in Asia. Laugh it off if you will, as you read of Nehru's inability to handle his own local bloodsheds in Calcutta and of Chiang Kai-shek's plight in China—but don't laugh too hard or too long. Such a meeting is not impossible; it is as a matter of fact quite likely to be held, sooner or later.

In Asia one-half of the world's population lives (or starves) on one-tenth of the world's land area. This half of the world's population is highly dissatisfied with the status quo; this half has learned to fly aeroplanes and drive tanks; this half has heard the Japanese cry "Asia for the Asiatics" and while they knew that the Japanese meant "Asia for the Japanese," they still have the feeling in their bones that some fine day they may be able to make a real fight for Asiatic economic and political freedom.

China and India are no longer separated hopelessly by "The Hump"; that line of mountains was conquered, during the years of war, by the C-47. The C-47 will be a toy tomorrow; representatives of Nehru and Chiang will be able to meet each other within a matter of a few hours. Troops, too, can be flown over that Hump again—Chinese and Indian troops, working together.

There are more than five hundred million people in China, nearly that many in India. Quite a manpower, isn't it. Think twice before you laugh, Mr. Westerner!

MARINES: We don't envy the U.S. Marines in China. Caught between the millstones, condemned by both friend and enemy for being where they never asked to be, they would doubtless like to come home tomorrow morning.

If they did come home tomorrow morning, the result would be immediate political, military and economic chaos. Transportation would slow down if not stop—and that would mean starvation. Industries would be hard hit; there would be no protection for the workers, no outlets for goods, no way to get the goods out if there were outlets.

And is there anyone in this wide world

while no open invitation was issued to Rome for unity in peace action, a Protestant organization to expedite such unity, a thirty-man commission, was set up at Cambridge. Protestantism is now equipped for a global crusade in the interests of peace.

This is more like it. All that remains now—and this too was one of the major concerns at Cambridge—is to further



THE TRAFFIC COP

foolish enough to believe that if the Marines come out, Russian troops would not move in? Indeed, Russian troops may already be in, for all we know.

Not yet. Let the fires cool off under the boilers, first!

CHURCH NEWS

CONFERENCE: Suspicious as we are of the value of so many church conferences, we cheer for the recent International Conference of Church Leaders, held at British Cambridge. We cheer not so much for miracles accomplished as for ground-work laid.

This was a missionary conference, in more ways than one: nothing quite like it has ever been held before. It was the church of the world assembled, and the outlook was global. Gestures of fellowship were made toward the Soviet branch of the Greek Orthodox Church, and

unify Protestantism itself. It just doesn't make good sense to have the Church calling upon the nations of the world to surrender their petty sovereignties for the sake of the common good, while so many Protestant denominations refuse to surrender anything at all of their petty sovereignties in the interests of Protestant union. Let not the pot call the kettle black!

PICKETS: In Chicago, more than 2,000 members of the Holy Name Societies of St. Mel's Catholic Church picketed a movie theatre in which "The Outlaw" was being shown. The Illinois Vigilance Association, an organization of Protestant ministers, applauded and called upon Protestants to participate.

Good! This is really action where action is needed. (We'd be interested in knowing whether any Protestants went on the picket-line, and if so, how many?) And while we're on the subject, it might be pertinent to remark that "The Outlaw," bad as it is (and we plead

no case for this one!) as a movie, is not as bad as its advertising. Why is it that film ads seem to go out of the way in picturing a gutter conception of sex, when it has nothing to do with the picture they're advertising? We recall that "Mark Twain" had some advertising in which a half-clothed woman was prominent—and there were no such women in the movie at all! They did the same thing with "The White Cliffs of Dover."

Must the ads make the pictures worse than they really are, in order to get crowds? The New York stage tried that, some years ago, and the New York stage almost went down and out. Hollywood, take notice!

COURAGE: There is in Belfast, Ireland, the bravest man that ever lived anywhere in any age, or who will ever live. He is the Reverend Edwin Orr, Belfast-born and former United States Army chaplain, who announces plans for a one-man crusade "to combat sin in America." He expects to take two years preparing for his mission. He plans to take in not only North America, but South America as well.

Now that's courage! We would not for the world be irreverent about this matter of sin in America, but we offer this as typical of too many approaches to the problem. A one-man onslaught against both North and South America? Brother, you're taking in a lot of territory! And we venture to predict that you will not, alone, make much of an impression.

Too much evangelism is like this: hastily conceived and badly executed. Too little of it is well planned and intelligent. Ex-chaplain Orr is particularly interested in two American sins: divorce and crime. They are indeed sins—but there are other, deeper ones of which these two are only symptoms, and which will never be seriously challenged by any one-man crusade.

What we need here is a bigger and better and more intelligent evangelism!

WITNESSES: Some day, we're going to take a year's sabbatical leave and write a book on Jehovah's Witnesses. We're intrigued by the Witnesses mainly, we suspect, because we just can't figure them out. They make less sense to us than the writings of Mary Baker Eddy.

At their recent convention in Cleveland, the Witnesses were told flatly by the president of the Watch Tower Bible and Tract Society that the United Nations is "a world conspiracy to which Jehovah's Witnesses must make no compromises," that they must "display outright fearlessness" toward the UN "conspiracy." They were also warned not to "let yourselves be fooled by the boastful, much-paraded works of charity that organized religion ostentatiously carries on before the public," and that organized religion is "inseparably mixed with this unclean, corrupt world."

What the Witnesses forget is that it was organized religion which gave them the freedom to be Witnesses; that it is organized religion which guards that freedom today; that in lands where organized religion has been forced underground, the Witnesses would be stood against a wall and shot for saying such things as they say here. It is good to correct the evils in organized religion; it is not good nor is it even true to accuse it of being unclean and corrupt.

Some of us have precious little use for any religious body that thrives on abuse of any other religious body.

In the same newspaper that reported these Witness doings, we read that the American Bible Society distributed more than 14,500,000 copies of the Scriptures throughout the world during the past



ACMI

SAME IN ANY LANGUAGE. Here for a Church conference, the first alien Japanese to visit the U. S. since war's end, tells the airline stewardess the Bible is the same in any language even though the words look different.

six years as part of its War Emergency Program.

That's what we'd call a constructive job.

TAYLOR: Several of our readers wrote this month, inquiring as to the real status of Myron Taylor, lately (?) of the Vatican. Their questions were inspired by our recent item on Mr. Taylor. In view of more recent news, they'd like to know just what's what.

We might reply, "So would we!" So would the Protestant delegation which went to the White House and heard from the Chief Executive that Mr. Taylor would be recalled with the coming of peace—if and when that comes! Now, with Mr. Taylor on his way home for an "unofficial" visit, we hear that he is to be definitely returned to the Vatican, with no promise to anyone as to when

he shall be permanently brought homeif he ever is.

The Protestant leaders who heard the first promise are worried about all this. So are we all. Let's have it one way or the other—clearly—and soon!

TEMPERANCE

YALE: There is a lot of misinformation, deliberate or otherwise, being passed around in temperance circles about the Yale School of Alcoholic Studies, which is supposed to be allied with the Research Council on Problems of Alcohol. We deplore this misinformation, inasmuch as much of it is coming from otherwise reliable temperance sources.

We hold no brief for the Research Council; it has been intimated more than once that it is underwritten and subsidized with money from the liquor industry. But we do emphatically proclaim here, for those who are interested, that the Yale University School of Alcoholic Studies is not now and never has been supported by liquor money. Drs. Jellinek and Haggard, of the Yale school, broke cleanly with the Research Council when they discovered that the Council had accepted liquor money.

The only possible objection that we can see to the Yale School program is that it pays little or no attention to total abstinence. There is probably some good reason for that; we do not know at the moment what it is.

There may be as much need for honesty in temperance propaganda as there is in liquor propaganda!

SUGAR: The whiskey men are having quite a time of it telling the world that no sugar is ever used in the making of whiskey. They claim that the drys have lied about this, and misrepresented their industry.

No sugar is used in distilling whiskey. But cereals are. And the beverage distilling industry used up so many bushels of cereals during the war that 900,000 tons of sugar had to be diverted to the making of commercial alcohol!

We have never intimated, in this department, that the whiskey industry was the sugar sinner. We have said that sugar goes into rum. During the war, more than 16,000,000 gallons of rum (made almost entirely from sugar and sugar sources) was imported into this country from abroad. Some day, someone will write a story of the rape of Puerto Rico by the demon rum that will really be something. Anyone who knows anything about that desperate island knows that the great bulk of its sugar crop goes into rum-and that this, more than any other single factor, is responsible for the paralyzing poverty of the

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OCTOBER 1946

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THE CHALLENGE OF THE CRISIS

TODAY Protestant Christians face the crisis in human affairs as believers in God and as those who believe in God through Jesus Christ. Another has said that any religion is man's search for God but that Christianity is finding God in Jesus Christ. We are of the company that has found God

in Jesus Christ.

This universal search for God we have in common with a vast multitude that has not bowed the knee to Mary's Son. In China three years ago I attended a significant conference presided over by the Senior Abbot of the Buddhist faith. Officially present were representative Buddhists, Mohammedans, Catholics and Protestants. They had their common ground in their work for a new China. A Protestant representative said, "I would not be here if my participation required from me, a Christian missionary, the surrender of my proselytizing mission," and he made clear the evangelistic purpose of the Christian missionary enterprise. The Buddhist abbot replied, "You are right. You must be free to speak the truth you have found or believe you have found and I and all others must be free to hear your words and free then to make each his choice." The abbot went on to reaffirm the unity of that group in their belief in one God and in their support of one cause. In the present crisis—the peace crisis—the Allies must find a comparable unity. With Russia and with all others we must first find and then go the length of the common agreement. In the United States the irreducible minimum of our worthy contribution to the achieving of our goal with the reward of an enduring peace, is American unity-all races, all colors and all faiths united; united without prejudice to particular worthy loyalties.

In his challenging new book, "The Christian Heritage in America," George Hedley writes, "We belong to one division or to another as we may have been recruited or as we may have chosen to enlist... the important thing is that we are in the same army. We fight against the same foemen: hate and cruelty and evil in every form... and within our forces we endeavor to hold the unity of the spirit in the bond of

Peace."

Then let us make of "Like a mighty army, moves the church of God," more than a poet's fancy and a marching song, as George Hedley suggests. With



the liberals let us "test all things" that we may "hold fast the good." With Alexander Campbell let us speak what we are persuaded is the truth, keep silent when we know we do not know. With John Wesley let us ask, "Is thine heart right?" and with him answer, "If it be, give me thine hand." "In silence," with Woolman, "let us learn to abide in the Divine will." With the Elkhorn Baptists let us see all believers as subjects of the Divine command and with Carey and Judson, behold all men as objects of the Divine concern. With John Milton let us hold that truth never is "put to the worse in a free and open encounter." With the Anglicans let us pray "for the whole state of Christ's Church." With the Presbyterians and the Dutch let us seek to glorify God in the doing of His will and with Luther let us pro-claim, "Here we stand. God helping us we can do no other," and with Catholic and Greek Orthodox and Jew let us all pledge our allegiance to one God who is theirs and ours and to a community of kindness and brotherhood that is in the heart of Christ for all men and all women and all little children everywhere.

Yes! I may go the length of my common agreement with every other man and every other woman of good will; with all who choose freedom against slavery, justice and opportunity against special privilege and despair. All Americans cherish memories of those valiant ones who counted life itself not too dear a treasure to be offered upon yesterday's altars of freedom. With Buddhist and Mohammedan, with Catholic and with Jew, my color lost in the blending of all racial strains, I may press on toward the goal of democracy and freedom for mankind. Then "loyal to the royal" in myself, I may lift up Christ, preach Him with the unquestioning fervor of Alexander Campbell, and John Wesley, of John Knox and of Dwight L. Moody, aye and with the passion of my own father, preach Christ as the

world's only sufficient Saviour.

He and He alone has the answer for the basic question of this fated hour. He and He alone is the solution of the world's problem because He and He alone can change, can remake man himself. Without His plan and without His presence at the United Nations council table; without His last and great commandment as the charter of the peace, we shall come to disaster at last. The challenge of the crisis to the Church of Christ is the challenge to preach and to reveal Christ as the world's only sufficient Saviour.



OUR PLATFORM: Christian Herald is a family magazine for all denominations, dedicated to this platform: To advance the cause of Evangelical Christianity; to serve the needy at home and abroad; a achieve temperance through education; to champion religious, social and economic tolerance; to make Church unity a reality; to lobor for a just and lasting peace; to work with all who seek a Christlike world.



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All we won was a A CHANCE



"No one ever wins a war . . . we only win the chance to win the peace . . ." The Church has that chance now!

RE we losing the peace? Voiced or unvoiced, during my recent visit to the United Kingdom and Europe, I was confronted by this question across England, in Paris, through the American Zone in Germany, and in Berlin. Men and women, soldiers and civilians made the question the subject of practically every conversation.

Flying from Amsterdam to London, I met a pilot formerly attached to the R.A.F. with seventy-seven European missions to his credit. He reminded me that in 1942 Hitler made the statement that no one would win the war. He added, "That was the only right thing he ever said." I agreed with him and replied, "No one ever wins a war, captain, we only win the chance, and a fighting chance it is, to win the peace." That is, of course, another way of saying that the Allies did win the war for they won the fighting chance to win the peace. But are we winning it? Certainly if we fail to win it, we have lost the war and those who suffered and died to give us By

DANIEL A. POLING



this chance, have suffered and died in

My sixth overseas mission since 1941 was the shortest of the series. Also it was the most crowded and in many respects the most eventful. For the first time I saw London under the lights and surveyed, unhindered by the sounds of conflict, the ruins of that imperial city as well as other ruins in France and Germany, even more complete. On previous visits I was subconsciously or consciously waiting for high explosives of one degree or another. Now, relaxed, I was able to look at and listen to the peace. What

I saw and heard was generally disquieting. Even in London—immeasurably less marked that the cities of the Cherbourg peninsula, many cities of Italy and many more occupied territories—I saw scarcely a building that did not carry scars. World War II produced a physical catastrophe from which the next war would go on to chaos.

But even more ominous than the physical wreckage strewn about was the everywhere apparent breaking up of our Allied unity. Slowly, laboriously and after many near failures, we achieved our unity to defeat Hitler and his evil cause. Perhaps the achievement of that unity was inevitable because our very existence depended upon it. Perhaps we have not yet reached the conclusion that our existence; the very life of Britain, Russia, America and all other peoples, depends upon our continuing unity, but unless we accept an unthinkable alternative, it surely does. We must go on to discover a basis for understanding, for united action in the future as we discovered it for the past, or those who have armed superiority now, a superiority which includes the atom bomb, must use their power to enforce their will upon the world—this, or await their inevitable doom at the hands of others who even now are hurrying to catch up.

While I was abroad, a voice was reported from the Congress of the United States, advising summary action against Russia and a recent book from our former Ambassador to Russia, William C. Bullitt, justifies such action; justifies using the bomb. Mr. Bullitt writes, "The Soviet government is working for conquest," and goes on to realistically state the case for "enforcing peace against all potential aggressors, including the Soviet Union."

I wonder how close World War II came to the personal lives of some who speak and write today with such freedom about beginning the next conflict. I do not indict their sincerity but having surveyed the world scene of battle, having accepted the conclusion that the only thing we won in recent fighting was the chance to win the peace, and being moved by the evangelistic fervor of the scientists who unleashed the A-bomb, I submit that even though we destroy Russia, there would be few if any spectators left to celebrate the victory and in destroying her we would almost surely destroy ourselves.

But is there a chance for us to win the peace—even a fighting chance? Secretary of State Byrnes believes there is and he, with his associates, is paying a great human price to justify that faith. I watched them in Paris, balancing strength with patience, perhaps shortening their lives to find a tortuous way through suspicion, objections and ageold animosities to allied understanding. At an embassy reception, the leader of the American delegation said facetiously to the interpreter, "Ask Mr. Molotov if there is any language in which he can say 'Yes.'" Secretary Byrnes smiled when he said it but the Russian, who did not smile when he heard it, made no reply. In that question is the heart of the grave issue from which the formula derives for an enduring world peace. Since Russia does not understand our language of diplomacy and at the moment does not care to learn it, we must learn to speak Russian. We must find the language Russia understands and in the meantime, as a lieutenant in Berlin expressed it, we must frequently "eat a dish of crow that only a strong man ever tolerates," eat it in the high hope that our strength, physical as well as spiritual; strength with patience, will yield the returns of peace for our children and grandchildren and indeed for all men everywhere.

Not only to our civilian representatives in Paris but equally to our military commanders in Austria and Germany. we owe a debt of gratitude for the way in which they have carried themselves in the face of both petty annoyances and those other "interruptions" that in any other period of our history would have been treated as "major incidents." Again and again generals and chaplains and GI's say, "We can never repay Russia for what she did before we even started to get ready to fight," and "Russia has a lot of justification for being suspicious," and "If our frontiers were as close to trouble as Russia's frontiers are, these things would look different to us too," and "I think experiments with the Abomb are absolutely necessary, but what would we think if Russia were making them?"

With answers like these, the American in uniform overseas "pulls over" while Russian junior officers sweep by, and he waits at the red light which the Russian disregards with an arrogant "toot-toot." He waits too for long delayed explanations of why our people have been "detained" in the Russian Zone. Also he banks sharply in taking off from Templehof airfield to avoid flying over any corner of forbidden Russian territory and he uses the one prescribed road from Frankfort to Berlin just "because!"

Now of course there must be an end to these things. General Mark Clark in Vienna and General Clay in Berlin and the delegation in Paris cannot go on forever. Delay at last might even point up the disaster. But to this hour and beyond, the formula that has been followed is an imperative of the peace universally desired, and short of which all our victories are worse than dust and ashes.

What then is the answer to the question, "Are we losing the peace?" or is there an answer? More important still, what remains to us unfinished; what work yet undone to win the peace? Certainly we have not yet lost the peace though even more certainly we have not yet won it. The question immediately before us with all its associated problems is, "What more may we do to win the peace?"

First of all we must fix the goal and state with a holy passion what we will do and give to reach that goal. Peace itself is not the goal; peace in our time or in any time, and never peace at any price. Peace. like happiness, is but a

(Continued on page 83)

no

Dr. Poling is guest of honor at a luncheon in the famous Schwarzer Boch hotel in Wiesbaden, Germany, headquarters of the U.S. Air Forces in Europe.





IKE many people who work, or are too busy to listen to the radio, I had no idea what went on in the air about me until my eleven-year-old son became ill. He must remain in bed for months and be very quiet. The natural thing was to look to the radio for entertainment for him.

What a blessing, I thought, that we have radios to make the hours pass more quickly for shut-ins.

That was before I listened through an entire day of radio broadcasting!

Our family had spent most of its leisure time with books, so our radio, except for an occasional newscast, was used largely for musical programs. Now I explored the dial, hour after hour, almost as a stranger from another country.

We began with the lighter morning breakfast programs and then landed, unprepared, in the soap opera realm. I had heard comments on those for years, but I had never had time to listen to them. I had no idea just how much weeping and wailing, crime, murder, unfaithfulness and heartbreak could be packed into a few hours.

For a short time I decided all these

programs must be reaching a climax. Surely, they couldn't go on with these emotional upheavals day after day. Listeners couldn't stand it. But a little inquiry among neighbors who did listen revealed the fact that the principals in these exaggerated dramas had endured anguished suffering in just that manner for years and years.

Pausing with my hands in the dishpan, or shutting off the vacuum sweeper when a shot rang out or there was a burst of hysterical weeping (unaccustomed as I was to these sounds in my home). I would get hold of my nerves and wonder why did women listen to these plays?

Someone offered the explanation that most people have all they can bear of hardships and it pleased them to hear of others whose trials far exceeded their own. Another suggested that most housewives' lives are so humdrum and routine, they liked the sharp contrast of the impossible situations presented in these daytime serials.

But did they realize how these morbid, unwholesome stories crept in and influenced their lives, unconsciously? No one could hear these stories day after day and not have their thinking colored.

If the girl across the street came in late or acted the least bit strangely, your mind catalogued her actions with that of Susie Something-or-other who had got into trouble in that radio serial and without realizing it, you placed the cloak of that character, or incident, upon the girl. You treated her differently, looking on her with suspicion. Then her mother heard of it and in no time there were strained relations, perhaps a broken friendship. Or, worse, you listen to the intrigues and triangles in radio's domestic lives and you begin seeing them in your own life. A little incident which otherwise would have passed unnoticed becomes an emotional

The same may be said about stories we read, but there is one difference in their influence. When one reads a story he is seldom doing something else at the same time. He is absorbed completely in the story or he looks at it objectively. In either case his analytical mind has hold of the story and he is able to see it as it is, a thing apart. While in listening to the radio, most people are working, sewing, occupying themselves with some activity and so, giving only a portion of their attention to it, they absorb a great deal subconsciously. These emotions enter their lives and hide away until some little unusual circumstance brings them out. Then the person wonders, "What made me say or do that? I had never thought of such a thing before!"

Of course, not all of radio is unfit fare. We found some excellent programs. There were some interesting quiz programs, informative as well as entertaining. There was some (but in our opinion far too little) good music and programs of religious or inspirational nature. But, because we have come to take radio pretty much as the weather, "There's nothing we can do about it," we are apt to allow undesirable tendencies to come into our homes without being aware of them. We are too busy to change the station or turn the program off, or we carelessly assume it's all harmless entertainment.

For instance, one dealing with newly-weds seems to be a pleasant little spot. Everyone has good wishes for the newly married, and to many listeners, it brings their own wedding day back a little more vividly. On that program, sterling silver, a diamond ring, a corsage and a bridal bouquet, and a honeymoon trip are given the lucky couple. I was a little puzzled, however, at my son's interest in something which seemed so far from his little-boy world until he startled me with this question: "Will they still have that program when I get married?"

"I doubt it. Programs change a lot in a few years. Why?" I wanted to know. "Oh, gee, I sure hope it's still on. That's where I'm going to get married. All those things free. I wouldn't have to save up and buy a ring for my girl, or even pay for the plane trip or for staying in a swell hotel. Everything free. That's what I want."

I was shocked. "That's ridiculous," I was quick to tell him. "When you love a girl enough to ask her to be your wife you want to earn the money to buy the ring, and everything else you give her. It means something to work for someone you love. And you wouldn't want to make a show of your marriage, would you? That's a time you want to feel God is very close—in church, surrounded by the people who love you; your family and friends, not a lot of curious strangers looking in on the most beautiful moment of your life!"

"Oh," he dismissed all that lightly,

"you could put up with strangers and things if you got all those other things free. It would be a swell way to get a free vacation. Get some girl to marry you, get all those things—I think I'd like a plane trip to Mexico or some place far off. And when it was over, we could get divorced and it wouldn't have cost us anything."

That a son of mine should take that attitude toward such an important and sacred institution as marriage, even at 11, alarmed me. Children play "pretend," they dream and plan and forget their dreams and plans—sometimes. But



GENDREAU

Is This Author Right?

Not for some time has CHRISTIAN HERALD featured an article like this. It is brutally frank and critical of a great American institution—the radio—and we are wondering whether our readers feel as Miss Keynan feels about radio and radio programs.

Has this been your experience? Is Laurel Keynan right, or is she all wrong? We're interested in knowing; write us about it today, giving us your reactions.

We plan to use the best of your replies in a forthcoming issue.

THE EDITORS

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if you consider that perhaps thousands of children were being influenced even a little to take the marriage ceremony so lightly, as a means to get free gifts somewhere it would take root and bear bitter fruit

There were other programs carrying out this gift idea and I found my son's interest in them mounting. "Think of it—all that for nothing!" he would remark after hearing one. I tried to guide his interest to other programs, but the excitement of chance-taking and getting "something for nothing" would cause him to turn back to them as soon as I was out of the room.

Gambling was being glorified for him. How better could a desire for something for nothing, chance-taking, be instilled in a youngster's mind (or anyone's mind for that matter) than the type of program that emphasizes lavish prizes being given away, day after day? Why work and save money to buy what we need? Let's try for it the easy, effortless way.

When one of these programs came to our city he begged me to attend, confident that I would win. It occurred to me that if I did attend and bring home a first-hand account of it; impress him with the number of people attending who received nothing but long waiting and disappointment, I could puncture the pretty bubble he had built up about free prizes.

I got a ticket for the show and stood in line, one bleak, drizzly morning, with several thousand other women. A traffic cop, trying to keep the crowd under control, grumbled with disgust, "I'll bet you couldn't get this many women out to see the Statue of Liberty do a handspring, but they come to see some man make a fool of himself and give away a few gimcracks."

After getting inside the building there was a two-hour wait on hard, uncomfortable seats before the master of ceremonies came on with the pre-broadcast entertainment. The contestants were selected from the audience.

I had supposed in my gullible, house-wife-listener way that the contestants were chosen because of some unusual or interesting qualifications. I thought a sincere and careful selection was made.

The M.C. and two helpers went a short distance down the aisles, kissing ladies or sitting on their laps and making wisecracks with suggestive meanings. So far as I could see, the women chosen to participate in the program were those whose reason for wanting to help could be used to build risque implications for humor—nothing else.

Never for a moment were we allowed to forget sex during that broadcast. Even when the commercials were being read over the air, the M. C. on another part of the stage, carried on suggestive pantomime. When he interviewed the candidates he frequently got up so close to them they were pushed backwards and then he quipped, "What are you backing away for? Stop it, we'll both be off the stage."

When I had heard that over the radio I had no idea the embarrassing situation the candidate was in. I doubt that few dancers at a jitney dance hall would have allowed their partners to have got as close to them as that master of ceremonies did to those women he interviewed—up there in the glaring spotlighted view of several thousand people. The women endured these humiliations for one reason—they wanted the prize. They sold their heritage of dignity and the right to be respected for a mess of pottage.

The woman who nominated the winner (Continued on page 78)



What happened at MOULEYDIER

BY HOWARD WHITMAN

ON'T be deceived. This isn't a big miracle I am writing about. It is a rather small, but nice miracle. Or, as the people of the little French town of Mouleydier say, it is a "small-scale miracle." Considering that Mouleydier had been burned to the ground and that its 93 families were starving, a miracle of any size was welcome.

May I tell you the story from the very beginning?

Mouleydier is a little town in southwest France, a bit inland from Bordeaux. Before it was burned, you would have found little to distinguish it from a thousand French towns. It had its boulangerie, its épicerie, its mairie, its tree-shaded walks.

But Mouleydier had a pin stuck in it. The pin was blue and it was on a war map in the operations room at SHAEF, General Eisenhower's headquarters. Mouleydier, which had never been much more than a town which baked its bread and grew its grapes, had suddenly become strategic.

It was on the fringe of what the strategists called an "alternate descent area" for the airborne troops in the invasion of France. Word was relayed through the underground, and the people of Mouleydier eagerly prepared to do their part. Now they would do something more than give the Germans fishy stares as they had done during the long occupation.

On the night of June 5, the eve of D-day, the villagers joined forces with the *maquis* bands. They burst out of little Mouleydier and seized all the nearby bridges. They cut the roads and set up strongpoints. They surrounded German garrisons. They hacked down the tall posts of the glider traps. They entrenched themselves around the descent area, resolved to hold it so their liberators could make a safe landing.

On all of D-day they searched the sky. No gliders came. No parachutes. The villagers and the maquis held their lines. Perhaps the gliders would come tomorrow. But day after day went by and the sky was empty. Three times the little army of Mouleydier, in its faded blue smocks and corduroy pants, repelled German assaults. Always they hoped the gliders still would come. Until finally they were flushed out of their trenches by an overwhelming German force on June 21, D plus 15.

C'est la guerre. Plans get changed in a war. The Americans had decided against an airborne drop in southwest France. What was there for the little army of Mouleydier to do? The maquis fled through the woods to regroup their bands. But the villagers of Mouleydier were left behind.

Angry Germans herded all the women of the town into a big barn. They drove the men to another village nearby. Then Mouleydier was burned. The torch was put to each little structure—the boulangerie, the mairie, the awninged café, and all the houses. Mouleydier would be held up as an example. Just as Coventry and Lidice had been.

Next morning the women and children were let out of the big barn and they walked back into Mouleydier over the hot

embers. A few chimneys stood, a few pieces of walls. Cats found their ways back to the chimneys and curled up there.

In a few days the men of Mouleydier started to drift back. A small number was held to die. But the majority came back to the ruins. One family moved into the stable where it had kept its horse. Another moved into a pigeon coop. Crude shacks came up out of the ashes. The mayor of Mouleydier established his new mairie in a charred woodshed that hadn't quite tumbled down. The cobbler set up his lasts in the middle of a street.

War swept on beyond these little people. And victory came. And after victory came hunger. Moss was growing on the embers now, but Mouleydier couldn't be rebuilt. Where were the materials? The potatoes the people had husbanded and hoarded were gone. Wheat was as scarce as platinum. The ribs of the children became more and more visible.

Somewhere in the bureaus of Paris a French fonctionnaire came across the records of Mouleydier and wrote about it to a French friend in New York. The friend told it to two young women in an advertising agency. One of the young women told it to her husband, a radio director. He told it to someone else.

Nobody made a plan, not exactly. But somehow everyone who heard the story of Mouleydier wanted to do something. It was spontaneous, like a rush of people in the street to save a bird with a broken wing.

They wrote to Paris for a list of the 93 families of Mouleydier. And the names were passed around among the varied people who heard the small town's story. A girl from California took ten names back to the Coast with her and dropped some off with friends in Detroit and Duluth. Somebody told the story to the wife of a minister in St. Joseph, Mo., and she asked for the name of a family.

In Rocky Mount, N. C., a woman who had been to New York told a schoolteacher and the schoolteacher told her class. The class took a sheaf of names. And so did the employes of a beauty products company in New York. And so did a group of housewives in Riverside, Conn. And a woman civic leader in Glen Rock, N. J. And the wife of a college president in Maryland. And secretaries, copywriters and executives of the New York advertising agency where the story first was told.

No one organized these people. And no one told them just what to do. The word simply passed along from friend to friend, from one city to another, and people asked for names. And they knew what to do.

In Mouleydier one morning the first package arrived. It was a tight-packed parcel weighing eleven pounds. But the family of André Peyrichou was not expecting a package. Perhaps a mistake. No, no mistake. It was marked, very plainly—"La famille Peyrichou."

The next day packages came to the still-charred shacks and lean-tos of the families Grollier and Alary-Veyral and Annequit and Lachaize. And to more families the next day. And to more the next.

Mon Dieu! What did one make of this? No one had been told of packages. No one expected packages. And yet here were tuna fish and sardines, tinned meat and bacon, cocoa, honey, coffee beans, condensed milk and salad oil and spaghetti, rice and candy and tinned butter.

The packages continue to come—out of nowhere—to the little burned-out town of Mouleydier. More than 500 packages have come now. They are still coming. Most of the families are getting one package a month, and sometimes there are a few clothes for the children as well as food to cover their ribs.

What has come to pass is a little beyond the plain people of the village. They know it has saved them from sickness and starvation. They know it has made the ashes of their town more livable and given them hope.

Now the letters are coming back from Mouleydier. One of them says, "We expected nothing. We were given no promises and no warnings. Then, all of a sudden, in our misery and our hunger we find food at our door. Then more food, and more.

"We think back to the fifteen days we waited in our trenches for the Americans to come. They have not forsaken us. They have come at last. For us, this is a small-scale miracle,"

Christian Herald Visits

ALLENTOWN

By Frank S. MEAD

LLENTOWN (Pa.) has 102,450 people, 92 churches (the Americans hid the Liberty Bell in one, when the British took Philadelphia), flowers growing out of the lamp posts on the busiest downtown street, and 287 Christian Herald subscribers.

It produces machinery, fire-fighting apparatus, bricks, cement, textiles, trucks and a brand of hospitality hard to find in this suspicious world. We made seventy-seven calls in Allentown in two days, and not once did we have to put our foot in the door. There was an invisible welcome on every mat, and we had the time of our lives talking with the folks about Christian Herald and the OPA and the black market.

whether there was even a mat. We didn't stay there very long. The doorbell sounded off with a good old-fashioned clang, like a rural fire-alarm, and out of the dark depths of the house came a very much put-out lady all covered with soap-suds and exasperation. We heard a voice. It said, "Go away. Don't you know this is wash day?"

Monday morning! I'd never thought of that. Long ago, as a preacher, I learned the folly of trying to make calls on Monday morning, but I had forgotten all about it. In my ivory tower I had even arrived at the vain conclusion that of course anybody anywhere would be glad to drop whatever he was doing to talk to an editor. What fools we mortals be! I listened to the good housewife mumbling to herself as she shuffled swiftly back to her tubs and suds, and I knew how the Fuller Brush man felt.

Hoping against hope, I resolved to

and hospitable; so was No. 2. The wash didn't worry her; she said it could wait. She spoke with a beautiful Swiss-German accent—the rich good accent of the good pre-Hitler German. We talked awhile about Christian Herald, about religion and prayer and faith and of how God got things done. She loved Christian Herald. What did she find wrong with it? She really didn't find much of anything wrong; it was "good already, and good enough for me."

Yes, she guessed, there was a black market in Allentown, but she really didn't know much about it, because she never used it. She supposed there were places where you could go and pay a little more for something you wanted and get it, but she just didn't think it was right to do that, so she "just goes without." She did without those things, rather than pay ten times what they were worth. There's something decidedly Pennsylvania Dutch in that attitude for that is a type of personality that will not be cheated, there is also something definitely Christian about it. She ate oleomargarine when she couldn't get butter; when the oleo made her sick. she went without either oleo or butter, unless she could get a little of each to mix together. But mostly, she just went without. She used jelly, or cream

A huckster came along one day and offered her some nice cantaloupe at 35 cents each; she told him what she thought of him in good straightforward Pennsylvania Dutch, and three days later she was offered three cantaloupes for 35 cents, which she thought fair enough, so she bought them. She was typical of many we talked with these two days. They just ignored the black market. They figured that if people they knew in Europe were starving to death and walking instead of riding in automobiles, that they could get along without butter and cantaloupes and a new car, in Allentown. They had certain standards by which they lived, and they did not haul down their flag or lower the standard when the going got a little tough. They didn't boast about it; they asked no slap on the back for doing it; they had no idea that they were unusually righteous when they acted so. I suspected more than once that this attitude came out of a deeply religious background, but if it did, these people didn't mention it. They just did what they thought was "right." The over-



Flowers grow out of the lamp posts on the busiest downtown street.

We went there to talk, mostly, about the black market. For while that market is almost a thing of the past now, it did provide an acid test of American character and Christian practice while it was flourishing. We got to wondering, around the Christian Herald office, whether the folks in typically American Allentown were victims of it, as we were around New York. There was only one way to find out: go and ask Allentown. So we went, and began ringing doorbells on a city-wide circuit from Muhlenberg College to the Bethlehem townline.

Now we may be stretching things a bit when we say that there was a welcome on *every* mat. We didn't have time, on our first doorstep, to find out

try one more doorbell before surrendering to washday, and we went on to No. 2. No. 2 was a lot better. She was a retired schoolteacher taking her ease on her cool front porch. The front porches of Allentown are a great American institution; some historian should cut one of them loose and preserve it for posterity in the Smithsonian Institution. A row of houses a block long has a row of front porches a block long-all connected, all the same, divided only by railings for each family. An inebriate would never find the right one, in the middle of the night, if there are inebriates in Allentown. Which of course there

But those porches are cool and homey



"Allentown, I believe, is the politest town in America." It has 102,450 people, 92 churches, 287 HERALD subscribers. Above is their "Main Street."

whelming majority of them said this!

There were others who saw it clearly as a moral question, to be settled according to their religious training and beliefs. A preacher's wife spoke for this school; she said frankly that her religious principles forbade her to trade in the black market. What sense was there in merely talking about religion, if you didn't

practice it? She wasn't bragging, either, when she said, "I teach a class of teenage girls in Sunday school. I try to teach them the Christian way, to be honest and fair and to walk as close as they can to Jesus Christ. I couldn't teach them that on Sunday and then have them see me in a black market on Monday, now could I? I couldn't look them

in the eye again, if I did that." This was unashamedly a religious approach; those who saw it that way (and they were many) figured it out as Dr. Sheldon figured it out, when he asked himself in the presence of any problem, "What would Jesus do?"

We came up on one porch to smell the loveliest of all earthly smells: bread baking in the oven! It had been years since we smelled that, and we stood there with our eyes closed just, smelling and thinking of the bread Mother used to bake, when we heard the housewife laughing at us. In her parlor, she said she wasn't too much bothered about the black market; they got most of the things they wanted in the regular markets. Her husband often brought home choice cuts of meat or a white shirt or something else hard to get, and she supposed maybe he got it in some black market; and they had friends around the neighborhood who every once in a while gave them a pound of butter or a nice cut of round steak, very mysteriously, and she thought that they might have bought that in some black market, butthese were only little things, and they didn't matter much anyway. (Italies ours.) What little they got that way didn't hurt anybody, so what difference did it make? Besides, she just couldn't stand in line two hours for a cut of meat; she was too old for that; her feet wouldn't take it any more. And they had to eat! If her husband could get meat by paying just a little more, wellit was his money, and he worked hard for it, and he could spend it as he pleased.

There were several or so who felt like this. But there was only one out of the entire seventy-seven we visited who traded in the black market and who wasn't the least bit concerned who knew it. He was a mechanic; we sat on his back steps while he pounded at a helpless tire-rim from his 1932 Ford. He pounded and pried and he huffed and he puffed:

"Sure I buy in the black market. That's my business, and not yours, mister! I'm a workingman, and when I say that I mean I work: hard manual labor, eight hours a day of it. You don't work like that on ladyfingers and pink tea. I need steak, and I get it, and it's nobody's affair where I get it. I don't see any reason why I should go hungry when this country is being run by a lot of profiteers who made their rotten millions out of the war. The rich are getting what they want; why shouldn't I? I'm one of the working class that makes 'em rich, ain't I? I'm just as good as they are.

"And if you're askin' me, the government could stop this whole black market business in a minute, if they wanted to. 'Course they don't want to. They're a lot of crooks down in Washington, the whole kit 'n kaboodle of 'em, from the President down. The whole crowd of 'em

(Continued on page 97)

HOW GOOD A CHRISTIAN

ARE YOU

Below are twenty questions that may tell you the truth about your Christianity. Check the one answer to each question that most nearly represents your attitude. Then turn to page 92 and check your score.

1 How often do you go to church? A I attend only at Christmas and Easter and other special, outstanding Sundays. I think I can worship at home as well as in 8 C | attend every service and meeting possible. 2 What do you do for your church? A I think one should go to church for spiritual (). values, and not for petty chores. I do what I can conveniently do: I have home () duties, you know! I make every effort to do anything I am capa-() ble of doing. 3 Are you afraid to die? A Don't like it, but accept it as God's plan for me. B No. I welcome death as life's crown. () C I fear it, but try to make the best of it. () 4 How do you read and study the Bible? 10 A I read it whenever I can. I listen to the preacher and my Sunday-school teacher expound it, and try to respect it and live by its precepts. C I pursue a regular routine of reading and study. 5 Could you accept the death of an only child, and go on as though nothing had happened? A It's all too much for me to understand; I hope it is done with God's approval. 11 Yes. I accept that as God's will. ()

C It would hurt terribly, but I would depend on my faith in God to help me over it.

6 Do you think it right ever to tell a lie?

C I could tell a white lie if it helped someone and

I think the word "lie" is a relative one, and

that God expects us to use our own judgment.

hurt no one, and helped attain a good end.

A I never lie; it is always sin.

7	Has there ever been anyone you coul not forgive?	d	
	A I believe in the justice of God, and that for- giveness is up to Him, not me.	(1
	B I'll forgive when there is repentence.)
	C No. I can forgive 70 times 7, if necessary.)
8	Are you happy in the company of thos with whom you disagree?	е	
	A Sometimes: it depends on the spirit and atti- tude of the ones I disagree with.	()
	B Yes. I get some good from everybody.)
	C I think truth is always truth; if those I disagree with are wrong, their wrong should never be	,	
	condoned!	{)
9	Would you give your only coat to	a	
	beggar on a bitterly cold winter's day	?	
	A To do that would encourage others to beg; there is no need for men begging today; this	,	
	is a case for the police.	-)
	B Yes. Christ told us to do that.	()
	C Maybe; but I'd try to put him in touch with a charity organization first.	()
0	Do you love the Germans and the Jap)-	
	panese, or do you hate them?		
	A I love them, but I think they richly deserve their punishment.	(1
	B I think they are largely pagan, outside the Kingdom of God until converted, and to be treated as enemies of God are treated in the		
	Old Testament.	(1
	C I love them as a part of the common family of the children of God.	(1
1	Do you have the Good Samaritan a	t-	

titude toward feeding Europe and

A I think hunger is hunger, and all should be fed, even though the U. S. has to return to rationing

B I think we should not let famine come, but that

C I think we should feed our friends first, our

enemies second, if we have food enough.

and not expect it of us.

they should be encouraged to help themselves

Asia?

()

()

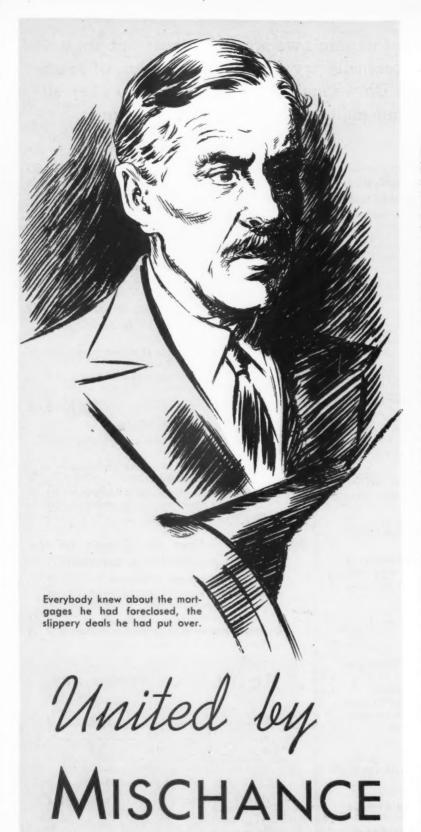
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Most of us think we are Christians—but are we? Do we actually try to live in imitation of Jesus Christ? Do we make an honest effort to obey all His commandments, or only the easier ones?

	Are you content with your condition (state of life) according to Paul's dictum to "be content in whatsoever state" you are?	※17	Must you be well dressed when you go to church, or are you happy going in whatever you have? A Lacking good clothes, I go to night or to week-
			day services, when I am not so conspicuous. ()
	A I accept my present station, and am content. B I want enough so that I will not have to worry about tomorrow, which is more than I have	0	B I go in what I have—to worship, not to show off. () C I feel that I should be well dressed, in respect to the beautiful environment of worship in
	now. I am not ambitious, but careful. C I am happy, but I see no reason why I should not try to improve my position.		which I sit.
	nor my to improve my position.		Do you think sickness is sent of God?
			A I don't know, but I pray for help when I'm
13	Do you trade in the black market, with	ē	sick, anyway. ()
	an easy conscience?	ě	B I think sickness comes of natural causes, sec-
	A I have to buy there, whether I like it or not, and	ě	ondary in the mind of God. () (I think it is; everything is sent of God. ()
) 🛊	t tilling is sent of cod.
	B I buy little odds and ends that mean nothing, in the black market.	19	Do you think a Christian should tithe as proof of his Christian faith?
	C It is against my religious principles to buy in the black market.) 8	A I couldn't possibly tithe on my salary, but I
	•		give what I can. ()
14	Would you give a job in your office to		B. I think a Christian must give his one-tenth to the Lord; it is obligatory. ()
14	a non-Protestant, if you thought him a sincere Christian?	0	C Tithing isn't necessary, nor is it conclusive evidence; one should give as the spirit moves him to give.
	A I prefer a man of my own faith, but I might take him, in a pinch.	20	Do you believe the Sermon on the
	B Religious affiliation is never considered in my		Mount is practicable in our world?
)	A Yes, if you interpret it liberally.
	Certainly, religious sincerny is the only lest.	0	B I think Jesus was not stating hard and fast rules here, but basic principles. As principles, they could be observed.
15	Is your daily job part of your Christian-	Ì	C Yes. Some small sects practice it literally.
	ity, or outside it?	Ì	c rost come small cours practice it increase,
	A My job doesn't allow much time for thinking of	1	
)	TOTAL YOUR SCORE HERE
	B Definitely, I take God into my business. (1	TOTAL TOUR SCORE HERE
	C I think religion and business are to be kept	ž.	1 6 11 16
	apart, but I try to practice the moral principles of honesty, fair play, etc., in my job.	1	2 7 12 17
			3 8 13 18
			4 9 14 19
16	What is your attitude toward foreign		5 15 20
	missions?		TOTAL:
	A I guess missions are all right: I give a little to them, now and then.	0	If you score 75 or better, you are an outstanding Christian.
	B I think we should save America first, then the		If you score from 50 to 75, you are average. All of us want to do better.
	neumen: mere's too much to do right here.	10	If you cope less than EQ_D D D

C I am enthusiastically for them, and support



By HERMANN HAGEDORN

ARILYN CURTIS rose to her feet in the choir stall and adjusted the violin under her chin. She had felt nervous while she was waiting, but now that she was on her feet her nervousness was gone. She felt queer to be standing there, facing the congregation, but not nervous. She would not be playing to the congregation. She would be playing to Dick, and she had always been able to count on Dick to make her do her best. And the fact that Dick wasn't there, that Dick was on a troop-train, bound for the Pacific, made no difference. She would still be playing to him. And in some fashion Dick would know, and would be listening.

It was an odd notion of Mr. Phillips to ask her to be the soloist this Sunday. Mrs. Corbett, the soprano, had been a little shocked at the revolutionary idea, but the pastor had been quietly insistent, as he could be at times, and Mrs. Corbett had agreed, of course. Marilyn suspected that the parson wanted to give her, Marilyn, a chance to get her emotions off her chest in a big way. It would be like him to turn church traditions upside down to help a single, not too important, member of his flock over a tough stile. His son had gone off to the war a week before. He knew what it meant to her to have Dick go. Well, she wouldn't let him down, or the congregation, or Dick, in Nebraska, by this time.

The organist softly played the introductory bars of Godard's Berceuse, and Marilyn, with her eyes on the bridge of her instrument, took up the melody. How protective the gentle music was, how reverent, how sure of the divine watchfulness! She drew the bow tenderly over the strings to call out everything the composer had wanted to say, all that she herself wanted to say to Dick, speeding to danger, to privation, to suffering; perhaps to death. The words of the song, she remembered, were a prayer from some forgotten opera. Her mother had sung them to her when she was a little girl.

> Safe in this refuge Where God has led us . . .

Yes, Mr. Phillips had been right. She needed a refuge and her violin provided it. Of course, she might have stayed at home with her fiddle, and played and played to herself as she always did when things went wrong. But to face the congregation and pour out her faith and courage in music, that was something else again and infinitely more potent than playing in her room to herself,

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CHRISTIAN HERALD

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where it didn't make any difference whether she cried or not. She couldn't cry here. Not with Mrs. Corbett and the rest of the choir in the opposite stalls and Mr. Phillips' head and shoulders visible just above the choir rail. That fine, gray head, those straight, stern shoulders were eloquent.

> United by mischance During the long nights . . .

United by mischance . . . Mr. Phillips had felt that bond, and now she suddenly felt it, in a warm outpouring of understanding that ran down her bow onto the strings of her instrument. By an effort of will, she sent the music out through the clear morning air to follow and find Dick and tell him that, through mischance, they were more closely united than ever, though ten thousand miles night lie between.

In one of the middle pews, old Mr. Barstow, looking more than ever like a very large and very old potato, blinked

his hard little eyes in a way he had when he heard that some stock he held ten thousand shares of had gone up half a point, and hurriedly adjusted the contraption that augmented for his deaf ears such sounds of the outer world as seemed to him important to hear. He didn't know why he was in church. He knew everything that Mr. Phillips was likely to say, and disapproved of it in advance; and he saw no reason why, with a wellpaid soprano in the choir stalls as usual and apparently in perfect health, Jonathan Dabney's girl, who had married Dick Curtis not three days before, should be showing off her musical talents.

But, as the caressing tones reached his ears in deepening volume, he forgot about Mr. Phillips and the soprano, forgot that he was in church, forgot the Dabney girl, forgot even the music. He was thinking of George, his son, and the last time he had seen him, three months ago on the Centerville station platform. How proud he had been of him, with the twin bars on his shoulders! A captain, and just the age he himself had been

when he had enlisted for that little war in Cuba. He thought of the letters George had written from camp and from North Africa, so full of life and keen thinking and responsibility for his men. George had evidently become a new man. And last night the wire . . . saying that George was dead. He had walked from room to room of the big house all night, conscious that the end of all things was here and wondering why he seemed still to be alive, yet unable to shed a tear. He had come to church in a daze out of a kind of paralyzing inertia.

George was dead-all that was left to him, with Gertrude gone. And more important to him than Gertrude had ever been.

Marilyn Curtis lifted her eyes from the violin and noticed old Mr. Barstow for the first time. The hard-boiled old two-timer. Everybody knew the mortgages he had foreclosed, the slippery deals he had put over, the way he bought one mayor after another, and every

(Continued on page 82)

By

MARGARET LEE RUNBECK

HIS is Father's Day for me. The greeting-card manufacturers, the necktie-makers, the department stores and Western Union, who will supply you with a ready made Father's Day sentiment, had nothing at all to do with it. They agreed on some other date. But as for me, I have my private Father's Day whenever I please. . . . Whenever I get to remembering what a wonderful, happy childhood I had; or contrast some of the expedient, or selfish, or frightened

behavior we sometimes see around us, with the quick unbargaining honesty and integrity which has always been my father's reaction to any circumstance.

But today my reason for declaring my private national holiday is that I've just had a letter from my father saying that he wants to work his way to Europe. He began wanting to work his way on a long sea voyage when he was a youngster (maybe he began even before that, for all his ancestors were Swedes!). At any rate, he says that as long as he can remember he's intended running away to sea. But always something . . . some duty or opportunity or obligation (and I myself fit somewhere into that list), prevented him from going.

Now, he says, he's on his way. And he guesses he'll enjoy it even more than he would have when he was a boy. For now he has reached a ripe age, now he has done his long life's work; he has proved himself and doesn't have to be worrying about whether or not he'll ever "amount to anything." Now he has come to a sunny holiday. School is over for him, and his report card is tucked into his hip pocket. He can watch the other kids trudging reluctantly to their lessons. But he's free as a bird. He can do anything he wants to do. Or, he can just sit.

"But who wants to sit?" he says. Not my father! He wants to be up and doing. He wants to start out and find adventure at sea. And I confidently expect he'll find it, too, for my observation is that W. B. has usually done what he wanted to do in his vigorous busy life.

"What's the matter with people nowadays?" he asks impatiently. "Nobody seems to be having any fun. Why don't they stir around and enjoy themselves? Why, when a man gets to be seventy you'd think he'd know enough to enjoy himself! If they don't begin doing what they please when they're seventy, when are they going to start? Tell me that!"

ONLY ONLE to a Customet

He strides up and down, making any room small and crowded. He jingles his change, and sometimes, to help him think better, he takes out the buckeye he has carried as a pocket piece since he left Iowa way back in nineteen-aught-something-or-other. He throws the buckeye up and catches it as he walks; he twists it expertly in his fingers and spins it up in the air. The buckeye, I do believe, is older than I am, and has been polished to a fine carnelian glow with the years of twisting and tossing.

"What do people work all their lives for, if it's not so they can finally do just what they please?" He asks it rhetorically welcoming no answer, for he has one he wishes to give. "Why...it's to stop doing what you have to do, and begin doing what you please. But not sitting still! Getting around! Seeing things! That's what I like."

When he goes to ask for that seagoing job on some tramp steamer, I doubt if anyone will suggest maybe he's too old to run away to sea. For when they look in that merry blue eye of his, and listen to his guileless, boyish good nature . . . born out of fun and reverence and kindliness, out of sheer enthusiasm and a great energy of enjoyment . . . they'll only

wonder if a ship is going to be big enough to hold him.

You can't fasten an age on such energy as he has. His gusty enthusiasm is so much more conspicuous than any physical feature of the man, that, even though we saw each other every day, I had to be told that his hair had gradually turned white.

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When I am away from him and try to picture him, I always see a lopsided rueful grin, for his humor is usually a bit sly, and you can take it or leave it, as you please. He hopes you'll take it, but he doesn't insist.

He has never saved his fun for his intimates or his family; I couldn't imagine him buying a newspaper without having some little interchange, boy to boy. Men who have worked for him have sometimes told us one thing they never could believe, at first, was that they didn't have to do their "kidding" behind his back.

"But he was always the toughest boss I ever had," I've heard men say. "He expects more out of you than you can possibly do, and by golly, you do it, some way."

I know he always expected more out of me than I possibly can do, and I'm still working like mischief at trying to do it.

Fun and hard work. It's a strange com-



MY FATHER SAYS THAT AS LONG AS HE CAN REMEMBER HE'S INTENDED RUNNING AWAY TO SEA. BUT ALWAYS SOMETHING ... SOME DUTY OR OBLIGATION (AND I FIT SOMEWHERE INTO THAT LIST), PREVENTED HIM FROM GOING.

bination, and he's made it his cornerstone. If you accuse him of that as a philosophy, he frankly admits it. "Sure. Fun and hard work. And one other thing," he adds. If you prodded him for that "one other thing," I doubt if he would say it in words. He would just get terribly busy and change the subject, or make some joke. But you'd know what that one thing was when you looked into his face. You'd see it shining there. Because he himself has seen God everywhere.

When we were little, there never was a playmate we preferred to W.B. He had the authority of a grown-up, but the unexpectedness of another child, a livelier, more daring child than the ones who came to play with us. He'd get up early and take us fishing. Once, because we wanted to try it, he said we could stay up all night if we pleased.

We caught a little turtle one day beside the Potomac River, and he persuaded our mother to let us bring it home. It turned out to be a snapping turtle, so he suggested we walk about two miles to a bridge over the Anacostia River, with "Herman" in a shoebox. Regretfully we returned our uncongenial pet to the water, and walked sadly home.

We sat down dejectedly on the back steps. "Nothing to do," we said, gloomily.

"Nothing to do! Why, let's explore the back yard!" W. B. cried. "I bet you people don't know half of what's right here that could be played with!" He went down on his hands and knees and began exploring. He produced an interesting stone and a snail, and a bumblebee, and when we wanted to explore right behind him, he said, "Go find your own jungle."

So we went over to the other side of the yard and began looking. And there, believe it or not, was a turtle. Just the size and shape of Herman.

"Why . . . he's walked all the way back," we cried with joy. "How on earth did he know the way?"

We shoved a stick close to his face, and he didn't snap at it!

"Hmm . . . he must have learned manners," W.B. said. We had him for years and we loved him devotedly, and we never tired of discussing how on earth Herman found his way out of the river and back to us. It was only recently when I was remembering Herman that I began to suspect my father had found him for us and had planted him in our jungle.

He would attempt anything, my father. If a job needed to be done, why naturally he'd try it. And still will. Once when my mother was ill, he undertook to comb my hair for school.

"How do you wear your hair?" he asked, brushing as tenderly as possible.

"Haven't you ever noticed?"
"Nope. When I look at you, I just see

what's inside, not what's outside," he said.
"Well, the way I've always wanted
to wear it . . . only mother won't let me
. . . is parted in the middle and my hair
sort of flowing like a princess! Just tied

with two pink bows on each side of my forehead."
"Two pink bows it will be," he said

cheerfully. But he couldn't seem to tie on the ribbons so they'd stay on my long slippery hair.

"Tell you what . . . we'll braid the ribbons into the hair," he said. "Be something new in hairdressing."

I went to school that way, and when I came home at noon and tiptoed in to see how my mother was, she took one horrified look at me, and promptly recovering, rose to take charge.

"How could you let her go to school looking like that?" she said reproachfully to my father when he came home and found me meekly and conventionally braided.

"She looked beautiful," he said. "She looked the way she wanted to look. Everybody ought to have that once in a lifetime."

Once he and I were home for luncheon together while my mother was out at some meeting or shopping. She had baked a pie and left a note saying we were each to have a piece.

"But she doesn't say how big a piece," he said. "I guess she means a big piece."

"How big, W. B.?"
"Big as you want." He made a bold cut for the first radius, and then indicated with his knife a small angle.

"Big enough?" He cocked up his eyebrow at me, and I shook my head.

"Bigger? Okay." He moved the knife, and consulted me, and I said, "Bigger!"

He moved it another inch, and now it was an alarmingly generous wedge. We dared each other inch by inch around the whole clockface of the pie, until finally he had marked off a grotesquely large sweep which included all but a small wedge.

"Big enough?" he said, and breathlessly I nodded, scared to death of what my mother would say when she came home. (Continued on page 102)

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What is MY BUSINESS?



"ATTEND TO YOUR OWN BUSINESS" I THESSALONIANS 4:11 (MOFFATT)

TTEND TO your own business." How modern this sounds! We have heard it unnumbered times. Usually the speaker is irritated, sometimes quite angry. When most people say, 'Tend to your business!" they mean: "Don't try to attend to somebody else's business!'

shouted at preachers. "Your business," many say, "is to preach the gospel. That is a very simple matter. Do not try to do some other man's job." There are many who feel that the minister should preach nothing but "the simple gospel."

Well, while the gospel is quite plain and most practical in its various applications, it is not so simple as some think. If we ever limit it to any one area of life, we indicate that it is of minor consequence. Immediately we open the way for some more comprehensive ideal, or philosophy of life, to take the place of Christianity.

Those who would make "the gospel" only a superficial appeal to shallow sentiments and emotions are grossly ignorant of its meaning and message. When we fail to emphasize the ethical content of Christianity, we destroy its very life. If the Christian minister has any message at all, it is thoroughly and completely ethical. volves! Nevertheless hosts of people still rebel against interference in "our affairs." Thus do they reject Christianity.

"Leave us alone!" many people exclaim. "Let us mind our own business." This usually means, "Let us do as we please." The person who talks like this does not want anybody to interfere with him. That is why we hear these words so often: "Attend to your own business!"

But, after all, what is my business?

I know that I have very personal business. I cannot shirk it or escape it. It is my business, and in a very real sense it is nobody else's. I am the king of my life; I may not be the master of my fate. What I do with my life, how I manage it, what I make of it, is my business. When I am honest and fair, I cheerfully face and happily accept this responsibil-

It is my business to make my life all

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CHRISTIAN HERALD

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"In the thoroughly christian sense of the word, which reaches to the depth of things, we know that it is our business to assist individuals—to help every possible person to experi-

ENCE THE ABUNDANT LIFE OF JESUS CHRIST."



By G. RAY JORDAN

Professor of Preaching, School of Theology, Emory Univ., Ga.

that it can and ought to be that is of worth. This means that it is my business to see that I am saved from all that is sordid and low and mean. If there is a way by which I can escape evil of any and every kind, it is my business to find that way and follow it. If there is a Source of power and redemption from both wrong and weakness, it is my business to turn to that Source, and receive all possible aid. This is my business. It is a very personal matter.

After I have been redeemed and delivered, it is my business to be the best man I can. My mind is mine, not another's. My heart is mine, not another's. My character is mine, not another's. It is my business to do everything in my power to make these all they ought to be. This is my affair. If I attend to my duty, I must face this obligation, and discharge it. "Let every man bear his own burden," exhorted a religious writer years ago. This what he meant: There are individual responsibilities from which no one can relieve me; they are sacredly personal.

As members of society, all of us are also parts of a vast social system. If, indeed, one thinks he can live merely as an individual, let him try it awhile! It is impossible to be a Robinson Crusoe in our modern world. Robinson Crusoe's man Friday is multiplied thousands of times. I simply cannot live without influencing others who live with me, and who are affected by my life. It is, therefore, my business so to live that the quality of my influence will help every individual within its radius. Because I am "one among many," I have obligations and responsibilities to "the many." I cannot escape these duties any more than I can evade those that are sacredly

We have duties and obligations as citizens. We cannot successfully evade our civic duties. When Theodore Roosevelt

said he did not want to be remembered primarily as the President of the United States, but rather as a devoted father and husband and a citizen who tried to do his duty, he was referring to just this life principle. To do one's duty, whether in the home, at the office, at the polls, or in the President's chair, is the all-important matter.

There is an old, time-worn proverb to the effect that what is everybod, 's business is nobody's business. The practical application of this trite proverb is contained in the fact that too many do leave everything about the city's welfare to whoever will do something about 't. They leave it to Tom, Dick, and Harry, forgetting that when they thus act, they have no right to criticize what is done. It is the duty of each loyal citizen to help make his city the finest possible place in which to live.

Some people, however, not merely refuse to serve in a position of public trust, they will not even take time to help seek the proper person, support him, and vote for him. They say it is not their business. Consciously or unconsciously, they are saying what is not true. As a citizen, it is my business to make my city all it can and should be. Every public reform comes about when there is a majority of good men and women who do their civic duties. When the Christ has complete right of way, he makes one a Christian citizen, and causes him to do all in his power to make every civic relationship Christian in character. In the world of statescraft, we desperately need men and women of Christly character.

So, as a member of a community in which there is wrong of any kind, unnecessary poverty, injustice, or any other evil, it is my duty to help right it. I cannot avoid my duty; I will not want to shirk my responsibility.

Beyond these narrower limits I must also go. I am a member of a world society.

Whatever my influence and power may be, it is my business to make them count in the most effective way for that idealistic faith to which the world should come. The prophets were primarily citizens, not preachers. They made national and international affairs their life interest because they saw their duty. "A fire burns in my bones," said one of them; "I have to speak." "If a lion roars, will not one cry?" asked another. For more than fifty years, Isaiah was the supreme spiritual voice of his nation. It may be that Paul asked himself, "Am I my brother's keeper?" Certainly he answered that question eloquently with a life that thundered back in the affirmative. Paul was a Jew, but all men became his brothers, and the then known world became his field of intense personal interest. You and I also are citizens of the world. We have important business to which we must attend as world citizens.

Religiously I have business to which I must give my most serious attention. I cannot let another discharge it. In fact, there is no one else who can assume it for me. There is no other person who can do my job for me.

Halford E. Luccock reminds us that four times in the trial of Jesus, the Master was handed over to someone else on the plea that He was their affair. The high priests handed the prisoner over to Pilate. Pilate handed Him over to Herod. Herod sent Him back to Pilate. Pilate finally handed Jesus over to the soldiers to be crucified. With a theatrical gesture of innocence and a weak whimper, he said, "It is not my fault. That's your affair. I am innocent of this good man's blood. It is your affair!"

But, as Professor Luccock adds, every time any one of these men said, "'That's your affair,' he uttered a lie. Jesus was Pilate's affair. Jesus is every man's affair. He cannot be sidestepped." Men still try to hand Him over to the Church, and to evade all personal responsibility by insisting, "He is your affair." But it is not true. He is the affair of every one of us!

As men and women who profess to be Christians, we should know what our business is. Moral responsibility cannot be shirked. Our Christian obligation cannot be avoided. It is our business to make the world-every part of it-more Christion. John Wesley said, "The world is my parish." It had to be if he were a real Christian! William Morris, the poet, realized the implication of this. "Do you know," he said, "when I see a poor devil drunk and brutal, I always feel, quite apart from esthetic perceptions, a sort of shame, as if I myself had some hand in it?" It is George Fox who tells how he prayed "to be baptized into a sense of all conditions that I might know the needs and feel the sorrows of all.'

Why did George Whitefield come to America? Why did Francis Asbury come to America? Why did David Livingstone go to Africa, Morrison to China, and a host of others to all parts of the world?

D

They went to attend to their business as world Christians.

Even when we may not have acquired such a comprehensive grasp of world affairs, if the true Christian spirit controls us, we desire, in whatever way we can, to help others, because it is our Christian business. Bruce Wright has told a thought-provoking story about a woman in Glasgow who was observed by a policeman as she picked something from the sidewalk and hid it in her apron. The officer accosted her, demanding that she tell what she had found. He suspected it was something valuable that did not belong to her. She refused to tell him. When he insisted that she show the article, somewhat in confusion, she opened her apron, and there the officer saw several was, the "drummer"—as he was called in that day—replied that he sold shoes to earn a livelihood, but his business was doing everything in his power to make the Kingdom of Christ real in this world. He had learned how a true Christian should live!

On his way home from a meeting one night, Dwight L. Moody saw a man leaning against a lamp-post. Stepping up to the stranger, he placed his hand on his shoulders, and earnestly asked: "Are you a Christian?" The man flew into a rage. He doubled up his fists and was ready to pitch the "intruder" in the gutter. "I am sorry if I have offended you," said Moody. "Mind your own business!" roared the man. "That is my business," replied Moody quietly, and went on his way.

Many will refuse to hear; others will spurn the message. But it is our business to proclaim it!

That strange, unique, but lovable character, "Uncle" John Vasser, was not a minister, but he felt that he was impelled to introduce men and women to Jesus Christ. He was converted when about 25, while he was working in his uncle's brewery at Poughkeepsie. In those days it was popularly thought that a man could help make intoxicants and still be a Christian. After he was converted, John Vasser made a little rack about the vat where he worked. On this he placed his Bible. He wanted to study it. But soon after this there was an explosion. That was to be expected! There has always been an explosion when the Word of God has been brought in contact with the whisky business. This particular explosion blew John clear out of the brewery, and he never got back.

"Uncle" John was always trying to tell men about the more abundant life in Jesus Christ. A writer tells us that on one occasion he went into a high-class hotel in Boston, looking for a friend. In the parlor—as it was then called—there was a fashionably dressed lady. In his rather blunt manner John went directly to her and said: "Excuse me, madam, but are you a Christian? Have you ever been born again?"

She snapped back, "Of course, I am."
"Excuse me, I didn't mean that kind of a Christian. Have you ever been born again?" "Why no, we have gotten all over being born again in Boston; we do not believe in it any more." "Well, have you gotten over the Bible in Boston, or do you believe in the Bible some more?" "Oh yes, we believe in the Bible, of course." "Well, will you let me read it to you?"

And then he poured the Word of God into her soul like hot lead until her heart burned within her. His friend came in, and John had to go. But before he left he asked his new acquaintance, "May I pray with you?" "I wish you would," said the woman, for she had become not merely interested, but even greatly concerned about her spiritual welfare. "Uncle" John knelt down and asked God to save this lady then and there. Then this strange man was gone.

The lady's husband came. Seeing tears in his wife's eyes, he asked, "What is the matter?" Then she told him of the strange little man and of what he had done. Her husband said, "Why didn't you tell him to mind his own business?" She replied, "Dear, if you had been here you would have thought it was his business."

Every person is not a John Vasser. Our ways of doing religious work are many and varied. But every one of us has much business in this world, and every one who is a Christian has the business of making the world, so far as it is possible for him to do so, thoroughly Christian.

To a Country Pastor

THE mountains and the narrow valley ways
Have shut you in, and thoughtless men may say
Reward is little in your vineyard small
Where through the faithful years you toil and pray.

But He who loved the fields and common folk, who talked to fishermen beside a sea, is close to you in all your round of days; He walks beside you in your ministry.

HE single candle that you keep alight
Upon your humble altar is to Him
As welcome as a thousand candles' gleam
On altars of cathedrals vast and dim.

OU speak of Him along the valley ways
Where changing seasons mark the year's decline;
You bring to lonely home and lowly way
His comfort and His word, His peace divine!

ARTHUR WALLACE PEACH

bits of broken glass. Hastily explaining her strange act, she said: "You see, sir, the children play barefoot these hot days, and I was afraid the glass would cut their feet." It is entirely accurate to call this woman "blessed." Those people are indeed "blessed" who know that the good of other people is their business.

In the thoroughly Christian sense of the word, which reaches to the depth of things, we know that it is our business to assist individuals—to help every possible person to experience the abundant life of Jesus Christ. As Christians it is our business so to live that others will earnestly long for the heavenly life that Christ came to offer all of us.

There is an old story about a traveling salesman who came to prayer meeting one night in a small town. It was easy to detect a stranger in that service! When the minister, showing friendly interest in the visitor, asked him what his business

Some three months later, one bitter cold morning, at daybreak, someone knocked at Moody's door. "Who's there?" A strange voice answered. "What do you want?" "I want to become a Christian." Moody opened the door and there was the man who had sworn at him for asking about this stranger's religious welfare. "I'm very sorry," said the visitor, "I haven't had any peace since that night. Your words have haunted and troubled me. I could not sleep last night, and I thought I would come and get you to pray for me."

The man accepted Christ, and almost immediately asked: "What can I do for Him?" You see, he had learned what his business was, too. He taught in a church school until the Civil War. Then he went to the front, and was one of the first to lose his life, but not before he had given his testimony for Christ!

It will not always happen this way!

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DISCIPLE 1946

Charles J. Haulenbeek

Wall Street to Pulpit

ROM among all living Protestants, the Christian I select for sainthood is Charles J. Haulenbeek, assistant minister of the Marble Collegiate Church, Fifth Avenue at Twenty-ninth Street in Manhattan. I met him first twenty-three years ago, when at my invitation

he came to talk about a possible relationship to the staff. From that day to this, his life has never been far removed from that historic corner for, with Dr. Norman Vincent Peale, he has continued the gracious ministry begun with me. For us both it was definitely love at first sight and whatever my failures, his love has never failed. There are literally thousands of men and women who remember Charles Haulenbeek as the central figure of their visit to New York City. They saw him in the pulpit and they met him at the door. He was there with a smile and a clasp of the hand to greet them as they went out.

I have a scholarly associate who said recently, "Have you ever heard Haulenbeek pray? Well, if you haven't you better, for you'll never know just what prayer may become until you hear him." But I name Charles J. Haulenbeek for sainthood not because of his prayers, though I agree with my friend, but because of himself. He is God's man completely, and never have I known any other man so gentle, selfless and loyal.

He was the senior bookkeeper of a Wall Street bank when he retired from business. He then gave himself to the Church; it was years before he received even a nominal salary. First in the Kentucky mountains, then with the Y.M.C.A. and the Inter-Church World Movement and finally as an ordained minister of the gospel, he has made of retirement the fulfillment of a career. Still active, he is considerably more than eighty years young. Nominated for sainthood, he will be canonized when he goes to his coronation. And what a gathering that will be!—Daniel A. Poling.

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"PUT THAT TRAY DOWN," SAID STAN GRINNING, "AND GIVE ME A REAL KISS NOW!"

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BU RUTH GILBERT COCHRAN

LLEN MAYFIELD, bustling about the huge kitchen of the old brick house on Huckleberry Road, sto before the shining glass of the cupboard door to tuck back a saucy curl escaped from the smooth bands of her soft red hair. Standing there, she saw the pensive mouth of her dimly reflected image twist bitterly. Upstairs, Stan, who was dawdling over his dressing as usual, was

"You'll need a good breakfast, with all the last-minute jobs waiting for you at the office." Ellen, walking in as lightly as the girl he had married fifteen years ago, set the syrup, now in the yellow Spode pitcher, beside Stan's plate and poured coffee clear as amber into eggshell cups. She twitched off her apron and took her own place rigidly.

"Remember you've promised me to

Elly!" He flashed her his old coaxing smile. "Come on and be a sport. Go down to Washington with me. The change'd do you good."
"Stan Mayfield!" Ellen flashed. "You

know I daren't leave this house. Mary Higgins, even with my eye right on her. just isn't to be trusted. Let me go out for an hour, and she'll have the parlor ice-cold, no matter how often I've warned her about the piano. You have no idea how quickly rosewood warps."

Well if I don't, it's not from lack of being told," Stan muttered. "Elly," he asked sharply, "how long has it been since you've played a note of music on

that piano?"

"Since I've played . . .? Goodness, Stan," Ellen laughed, "I can't spare any time for music with all I have to do.' She sat erect, two bright spots of color in her cheeks. "Why did you ask that?"

Stan stood up, and his kindly blue eyes were unusually stern. "Because, Elly," he said, "because I think it's time you realized what it is you really care for. It seems to me you think more of things than you do of your country, or me. A grand piano you never use-sets of books you never open-your grandmother's Canton china set . . ."

Ellen winced. "Why, Stan!" she gasped. "That's not fair! I do use the china. I-I even broke the syrup pitcher this morning! And how . . . " her eyes misted, "how can you say I don't love

(Continued on page 85)

THE HEART IS

whistling! The shrill cheeriness of the sound made her gray eyes snap. How could he whistle . . . today?

Warned by the smell of scorching, Ellen whirled to the stove, her whole being intent on lifting her precious Canton china syrup pitcher from its warming bath before it was too late. But the last drop of water had sizzled away in the saucepan, and only the dainty fluted handle of the pitcher, cracking off cleanly as she touched it, remained in her horrorstricken grasp. Ellen stared at it whitely.

Broken-the little blue-and-gold pitcher that had been part of the wedding-set her grandmother had brought to this same Connecticut house a hundred years ago! Never in her life had she done such a stupid, careless thing, Ellen reflected, remembering how she had gone up to her room and cried when old Mary Higgins cracked the teapot belonging to the set. And now she, as deft and quick as the Irishwoman was clumsy, had done something infinitely worse . .

Ellen shrugged her plump shoulders resignedly. Stan was to blame for this,

He was coming downstairs now, slowly, rubbing his freshly shaven chin, and no longer whistling. Breakfasts, to Ellen's big, good-natured husband, had been something of an ordeal ever since he had agreed to act as legal consultant on the post-war project that was taking him to Washington today. He had thought it pretty darned nice of those government big-wigs to choose a smalltown lawyer like himself instead of some young whipper-snapper. But Ellen had made up her mind to play the martyr over the affair. And she seemed, from all appearance, to be enjoying the part.

He tried now to sound cheerful. "Mmm, buckwheat cakes. And hot maple syrup! That's grand, Elly. But you shouldn't have bothered."

eat properly . . . not that I believe for one single minute that you will, alone in a hotel for two months. You'll come back thin as a rail! And it isn't as if there was any real need for you to go. There must be plenty of other men. . . .

"Now, dear, let's not start that again," Stan pleaded, ruffling his iron-gray forelock as he always did in moments of dismay. "It's my chance . . . aw, shucks,





"Dear God," she pleaded silently, "let there be a glad coming in for him . . . somewhere."

The Lord Shall Preserve Thy GOING OUT

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By BEATRICE PLUMB

WAS pitch dark in the little church, but that made no difference to the Rev. John Grayson. For the past thirty-eight years he had lived in the dark. He was blind.

Now he was putting God's house in order—for the last time. What, he wondered, did a blind preacher do when, at sixty-five, he was retired on a pension of six hundred dollars a year. Where did he go?

With thin, sensitive fingers he "inspected" the chancel straightened the big Bible; stacked the choir music in a neat pile on the organ; felt with one finger to see if his wife had remembered, with all the packing up she had to do, to put more water in the altar vases.

Long ago he had learned to listen to "the voices of the upper air." Now he stilled his busy hands, his very breathing, to listen. Surely his little church, grown tender through a century of ministry, would have something of comfort for him now, so soon to leave it!

Hush! . . . Hear those wisps of old hymns drifting down from the shadows to brood over his bowed head, and then rise like clouds of incense from the altar. Hear the pleading echoes of that perfect one written by another sad minister who was leaving his church for good. His torn heart's plea, set to music that prayed, too!

John Grayson lifted his blind eyes to the Cross on the altar, and then, with a catch in his fine voice, sang with the wispy echoes:

> Abide with me; fast falls the eventide; The darkness deepens; Lord, with me abide; When other helpers fail, and comforts flee, Help of the helpless, O abide with me.

"He's singing in the dark!" sighed Mary, his wife, as she came softly up the seventeen steps of the small white and green church; eased her covered-dish leftovers around the white pillars, and sank silently into the verger's seat by the open door.

Closing her weary eyes, she thanked God that one more hard thing was over. The farewell social. Another "last!" For months she and John had been counting them off like beads on a rosary.

Mary leaned back gratefully in the cool dark of the church, its silence broken only by the sound of her husband's feet, feeling their sure way around the chancel.

There was a time, after he'd been first stricken, when he hadn't been so sure; when he was terrified of the new darkness

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when he groped with a cane; wept for a dog to guide him. Until God had given him that staunch spiritual walking stick,

his "going out" text!

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A tender smile relaxed the white tensity of her face as she remembered how real and positive a thing that spiritual staff had become to him in his first grim struggles to regain his sense of security, snatched from him with the loss of his sight. How firm a grip he had taken on it, his sole strength and stay! Until, gradually, he'd developed that sixth sense which only the blind have. "God's radar," John called it.

And, after that, he'd gone serenely about his ministerial duties just like his seeing brother-pastors. Sunday services, weekly meetings, choir practice, pastoral calls, christenings, funerals. Helped wonderfully, of course, by the lads studying for the ministry in the nearby college. For thirty-eight blessed,

Together

S there a sight more beautiful Than two who have walked together On a life-long trail, down dale, up hill In every wind and weather?

HEIR feet now set on a gentle slope, Apace with the westering sun; Eyes lit up with a deathless hope As they count their treasures won.

E CHOES of little footsteps led Along a precarious road; Souls redeemed, the hungry fed, Strength to equal the load.

HOMES like light, set here and there Over the way they came-Oh, the picture, shadows and all, is fair, And love is the shining frame!

GOD grant that two who have walked His

Of joys and sorrows together, May find their home toward the close of day Safe from the wind and weather.

Ruby Weyburn Tobias

busy, threadbare years-all in this one church, fifteen of them with her. And now—it was over! This was the end!

Mary leaned forward, trying to pierce the darkness, her eyes keen as a child's, kind as a mother's. How weary poor John must be! It was almost midnight; what could he be doing?

In the light of a passing car, she saw him now, standing before the altar, his white head bowed, and firmly clasped in one outstretched hand, his invisible spiritual staff. With tasks done, he was about to say his "going out" text.

Always it had been his custom before leaving his beloved church for a conference, or his annual boat trip on the Hudson, to thus stand and repeat the text that had blessed each going out and coming in, for all these sightless years.

She had watched the simple ritual so many times. She gathered her parcels together, then sat silent, waiting for John's voice. And soon the words rose, winging their shining way

from altar to open door . . . "The Lord shalt preserve thy going out, and thy-

Then suddenly something happened to the winged words! They faltered for a choked second . . . struggled valiantly to beat their way on . . . then crashed into silence, and died.

Up there at the altar, a white-haired servant of the Lord, stood with sightless eyes hidden in his empty hands. Where was his staff? Achingly, Mary understood. This was no easy farewell before a ten-day conference, a three-week trip. This was a heart-tearing going out . . . for always! This time there would be no glad return, no coming in . . . anywhere!

Letting no creaking board betray her presence, Mary crept out into the night to wait for her John.

WALKING the long mile home, he thought aloud, the way he always did when in a mental fog. Low, halting, almost under his breath.

"To stop work altogether when one is still strong and active . even though blind . . . would be suicidal. One able to work who does not work goes all to pieces mentally, if not physically

. . So I want work."
"Please, God," she prayed, "give him something to do. If only a little garden to work in. Anything!"

"I want enough," his low voice labored on, "for both of us to live decently and simply. I want my life, while I'm able to work, to keep on being of real service in God's harvest field . . . In saying this, I'm not forgetting my age and my blindness."

"Maybe a sermon or two. please God." whispered Mary,

"as a supply minister. He's a fine preacher—"
"So here is what I ask," the low voice punched on, "how can a man in my position still keep busy and active . . . and happy . . . and be able to live . . . and meet his obligations . . . and feel he is not a mere useless stick in life . . . just hanging on, a trial to relatives, until he topples into the grave? That is my problem.

"And mine, dear God," whispered Mary, "is money. There never was enough. What could we save on his small salary? It started at only \$200 and in all these years it never got to be more than \$600. And out of it he had to help support his aged brother and sister. He couldn't see them in want. And he had to give to missions, and to every drive and good cause of the church and community, like any other real minister-

"I want to live decently," his low voice reiterated. "Though poor, I want to preserve my privacy and dignity.

Mary shuddered, remembering her recent trip to a nearby city and all the squalid little housekeeping rooms she had inspected in the low-rent sections where they could afford to live. Even if they could find a place in the village here, John did not want to stay. He felt young Davie, who was to take his place. should have a free field.

"God," whispered Mary, "please show me how we can live decently on John's pension, with rent to pay, with food costing so much, with insurance for us both, and with coal to buy in the winter."

A tiny light, like a beckoning star, glowed from the porch of the mellow old parsonage to welcome them home. Mary's heart twisted, remembering how soon they must leave its brooding

"Dear God," she pleaded silently, "let there be a glad coming in for him . . . somewhere."

SHE had forgotten what a comfort Davie had always been Of all the scores of young ministerial students who had worked under John's loving direction, preaching their first nervous sermons from his pulpit, David had been most like a son. Others, of course, had outshone him, working mightily for their Lord in the mission field, or in great city churches. But only Davie had kept in close touch through the separating years. And now he was married, with a sickly baby needing country air. And right this minute he was traipsing the village, armin-arm with John, as in the old days, visiting members of the little church, so soon to be his!

David had slipped a strong arm around her this morning, and wiped her tears away with his own (Continued on page 95)

By

JEAN POTTS

NGELA was never going to forget how her father looked, never, she thought as she stood in the hall clutching the telephone, waiting for Dr. Ross to answer, not if she lived to be a hundred.

She'd never forget her father lying there defenseless, the couch cover hiked up awkwardly under his feet and his head crooked in a queer, strained attitude toward his shoulder. He didn't seem to know her, not even when she knelt beside the couch and pressed her cheek against his and cried, "Dad, Dad!" He didn't seem to know her.

"Doc don't answer, Angela," Mildred, the telephone operator, reported nasally. "I think maybe he's gone over to the post office. Mail time, you know. Want me to keep trying?"

"Yes. Or no, wait, Mildred. Get me

Dave, down at the Courier."

Her father's mouth had kept working as if he were trying to say something. But no words came; only that hoarse, horrible breathing. And it was her fault. She was responsible as surely as if she had struck him down.

"Sand Creek Courier."

"Dave. Dave-it's Dad. He's-" She was half sobbing with the relief of hearing Dave's warm, cheerful voice. "I can't get Dr. Ross. He's not in his office. Oh, Dave, please find him. Please come up. Right away."

"I'll be right there. His car's parked in front of his office. I can see it from here, so he can't be far off. We'll be

right with you, Angela."

For a minute the weight seemed to lift from her heart. Then she was back in the library again, and it was just the same—the sprawling figure, the gasping breaths, the futile struggle for words. She had no one to cling to but Charlotte. They stood close together, closer than they had ever been before, fused in a wordless sympathy.

The time dragged on and on. Once Angela said tonelessly, "It's my fault."

"You mustn't say that," said Charlotte, "because it's my fault. I-" She stopped suddenly and bit her lip. And Angela was too absorbed to feel more than a flicker of curiosity about what she might mean. Besides, at that moment the door opened, and Dave and Dr. Ross came quickly in. There was a glimpse of Carrie's scared face behind them, and then Carrie's footsteps hurrying off toward the kitchen. For the first time Angela thought of her mother. She should have called her at once; her mother would be furious.

Dave's warm hand closed over hers,



as steady and comforting as Charlotte's. "There, Angela; it may not be so bad, after all."

Dr. Ross nodded curtly and went at once to Mr. Esterbrook's side. He was a youngish man, with a square, efficient face and a rather disconcerting way of saying "Um" to people's explanations, as if, Angela had always thought, no matter what you said he knew better.

There was a silence while he bent over her father, feeling his pulse, doing the mysterious things doctors always did. Then he straightened up, opened his bag, and laid out a hypodermic needle and some little bottles. "I think he'll come round," he said. It seemed to Angela that his eyes were looking straight into hers, efficiently, scientifically accusing "He's gotten himself excited. It's as I told you from the beginning, Angela, excitement or worry of any kind is the worst possible thing for cases like your father. Um," he added, as Carrie came in with a kettle of hot water.

Behind her, sweeping along in majestic Angela's mother. indignation, was "What's the meaning of this, Angela? The servants know more of what's going on in my own home than I do. What's happened to your father?"

'I'm sorry, Mother," Angela began lamely. "I-I was so excited when Charlotte called me, and-"

Dr. Ross, busy again with his patient, looked up briefly. "Your husband's had a shock of some sort, Mrs. Esterbrook." And again it seemed to Angela that his eyes accused her.

"A shock," repeated her mother. Then, abruptly, she turned on Charlotte. "This is your doing, Miss Mackie. It's been plain to me from the start that you had an upsetting effect on him. I don't know what your little game is, but-'

Dave broke in. "Mrs. Esterbrook, you're being unjust. What possible game could a girl like Charlotte be playing?"

"Evidently," said Angela's mother coldly, "you know what kind of a girl Charlotte is better than I do. And I don't care to listen to your defense of her. She was alone with my husband when this happened. She's the one

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"Stop it, Mother!" Something inside Angela seemed to give way before the flood of her self-reproach. "I won't have Charlotte blamed for something that's my fault. Listen to me, all of you." Nothing could stop her now; she took a deep breath and plunged. "It's all my fault, mine. Because I'm selfish. But I couldn't help it; I had to tell someone. I tried you first, Mother, because Dr. Ross said Dad mustn't be worried, but you wouldn't listen. You pretended you didn't know that I meant I couldn't marry Dave."

She paused for breath and looked around at their faces-Charlotte's white and tense, her mother's appalled, and Dave's.

"Um," said Dr. Ross, without looking around.

Angela still watched the expression on Dave's face. "It's true," she said softly. She went over and put both her hands



"Dave. Dave—it's Dad. He's—" She was half sobbing with the relief of hearing Dave's warm, cheerful voice. "Please come up. Right away."

on his arm. "I can't marry you, Dave. You know I can't. You know I'm not in love with you. I couldn't do it even for Dad's sake. And when Charlotte came, I thought maybe you'd fall in love with her. I wanted you to, Dave. I hoped you would. I prayed for it."

"Angela!" Her mother's voice shook with fury. "This is nonsense, Dave. She's hysterical."

But no one listened to her.

"You're such a sweet brat, Angela," said Dave. "I couldn't have, either. I—" Suddenly he stopped. He was listening to the voice that had come from the couch. Angela held her breath, listening too. It was thick; it was weak; but it was recognizable—her father's voice. "Angela," he said. "Baby."

It was like nothing so much as swinging, thought Jim Esterbrook. That was it. He started out calmly enough

from a point just to the right of the library couch, and then all at once he was flying out and out into high, empty space, with the wind rushing past his ears. It was a dizzy, breathtaking swing, but something always brought him back—Angela; a pair of clear, light-brown eyes, Miss Kate's looking into his.

In the snatches of time between those spinning flights he tried desperately to catch hold of something firm and earth-anchored, though he didn't want to. He longed to let go at last, to let the gigantic swing whirl him farther and farther forever. But he mustn't. There was something he had to do first. Something he had to figure out.

Charlotte had kept a diary. No. Angela had. No. Wait—

Now he was steady again; quick, he must get hold of it before he was flung out into space.

Miss Kate was standing beside him

talking. He was a boy again, staring at the pattern of her ingrain carpet, which had somehow gotten up here on the floor of his own library. Miss Kate had a diary under her arm. "I've read it," she said. "All of it. I know why—"

He made a terrible effort to speak. "Don't tell Angela. Angela mustn't know." But he had forgotten how to talk, or perhaps Miss Kate had forgotten how to listen.

If he could only open his eyes in one of these pauses between swings and get his bearings! At last he managed it. It wasn't Miss Kate beside him at all. It was Angela. Baby. She had been crying. A man was standing beside him, too. Dave? No, Dave was over there, across the room with Charlotte. Then who—? He peered up at the efficient, square face, so familiar and yet so strange. Dr. Ross. Of course. That explained everything. Dr. Ross and his little pills and the medicine that he shot into you so that you forgot how to talk and began swinging out dizzily.

He had things clear now though. It was Miss Kate who had kept the diary. And Angela didn't want to marry Dave. But she must, because that was the only way he could make it up to Dave.

For a minute he was confused by the buzz of voices in the room. Frances was raving on, something about "hysterical nonsense," and Dr. Ross saying, "Um." But Miss Kate was talking too, distinctly, in spite of all the years that had passed, with that same little catch in her breath that he remembered so well: "I'm not saying it would be easy. But you're no coward, Jim."

Of course there was another way. There had been, all the time, only he had refused to see it. He had kept on trying to run away, craftily covering up his trail.

"Listen," he said. He was relieved at how clear his voice sounded. "Listen to me."

"Just stay quiet, Mr. Esterbrook,"

said Dr. Ross. "Don't get excited."

"Stand aside, Doc." He still had the old, imperious ring of authority. "Get out of the way, or I will get excited. There's something I want to say. You know it already, Charlotte. You too, Frances. But Dave doesn't. Dave and Angela."

He watched, consciously gathering his strength, while they came and stood around the couch. He kept his eyes on Dave's face because if he looked at Angela he might not be able to go through with it.

"I'm a thief, Dave," he said quietly. "I stole every cent your father had." Then he looked away from Dave; that might not be safe either. Quickly he went on, in a thoughtful, careful voice: "I didn't really mean to at first, but it was so easy I couldn't resist. Mart trusted me; he left everything up to me. That's what made it so easy. I got him to invest everything in this Florida real



He kept his eyes on Dave's face, because if he looked at Angela he might not be able to go through with it.

estate deal-beach property on the west shore. I put up some money too, to make it look good. 'More people going there every year,' I told Mart. 'We can buy cheap and clean up on it.

He stopped for a minute, thinking back painstakingly, so as not to forget anything. Frances started to say something, but Dave turned on her. "Be quiet!" he said harshly.

"Well," Jim Esterbrook went on, "that's just what we did. Cleaned up. Only I never told Mart about that part of it. No. I told him that his moneymine too, of course-had all been spent on developments. And then, I said, people had just stopped coming to that section of the shore. I didn't know why; no one did. It just happened that way, I said. Nothing to do but check it off as a bad bet."

There was a silence. He could even hear the tiny, busy ticking of someone's watch.

"I don't know what made Mart suspicious," he said musingly. "Maybe I

wasn't as good a liar as I thought. Anvway, I knew that he didn't believe me. Not right away, not all at once, but sort of gradual. But I knew, and so did he, that he couldn't ever prove a thing. He didn't even know, exactly, where the development was. That's how much he had trusted me at first. Friends, we were friends. And I changed the name of the development after the money started coming in, so that, if he tried to trace it, it would look as if the deal really had folded. Oh, I'd taken care of everything.

"Um," Dr. Ross interrupted. "Mr. Esterbrook, you really shouldn't-"

"Let me alone. Good for me. Good for the soul." His mouth twisted in a wry smile. "It ruined Mart; he never got on his feet again. But that didn't bother me, not till he got sick and Miss Kate took him to her house. Then, someway, I got to remembering what a good fellow Mart always had been. Give you the shirt off his back, if you needed it. It got to preying on my mind. And

the way he looked at me when I went to Miss Kate's to see him-that I couldn't get it out of my head. It got to be a phobia, sort of. And Miss Kate was all mixed up in it, in a crazy way. I kept arguing with her, in my mind I mean. Even after I'd educated Mart's boy and given him a job, that wasn't enough. So I thought if he married Angela, then I'd really be making it up to him. It's all there, in Miss Kate's diary, for Mart told her about it before he died. She kept a diary. Charlotte's missi ment the C It is need appe to W

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He sank back against the cushion and closed his eyes. He was tired. Tired out. But there was one more thing.

"I guess I can't ever make it up to you, Dave. But there's the Courier. It's yours-the works. You're better at it than I ever was anyway.'

Through all of Mr. Esterbrook's story Dave had stood stiffly, as if he were holding in his breath, his hands clenched at his sides. At last he spoke. "It isn't the money," he said. "That doesn't matter. Dad and I had a swell time without

(Continued on page 92)

GROUND has been broken, work is under way on a unique missionary community experiment in neglected Puerto Rico. As the architect's drawings indicate, it is a new approach to human needs. Unusual is the project's appeal to American college youth to work at El Guacio for . . . see title. The author and her husband direct the work.

By JEAN HUMPHREYS HARBISON

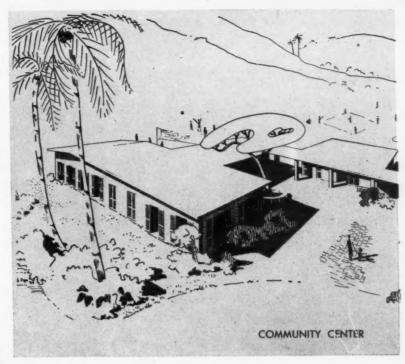
HERE'S a man on the Presbyterian Board of National Missions in New York City going in and out of the offices of his colleagues ordering them to "Say Guacio. Just say it: El Guacio." He is Dr. Edward A. Odell, who has spent forty year's as a missionary in the tropics. He is Secretary for Work in the West Indies. Right now, his chief aim in life seems to be to make America Guacio-conscious.

And what—and where—is El Guacio? It is one hundred acres of land and an old house on the banks of the Guacio River, in the heart of Puerto Rico. It is also one of the most intelligent and arresting experiments in modern missions. It is an attempt to build a new way of life, and it is based upon faith in two groups of people who at first glance look like a poor foundation for any enterprise: upon the desperate people of rural Puerto Rico, and upon what is generally thought to be a sophisticated, selfish and cynical American youth.

American youth.

Perhaps "desperate" isn't just the word for the people of Puerto Rico; "neglected" might be more like it. We've heard a lot about them lately, and some of it is true and a lot of it isn't. To hear some writers tell it, you'd think life down there was hardly worth the living; you have been deluged with stories of the unspeakable poverty that curses the land, with the prevalence of disease, the slums of the cities and the shacks of the country.

But those of us who live in Puerto Rico know another country and another people. We know an island of lush and lovely tropical beauty—a land of flowers and hibiscus hedges, of bright sky and billowing cloud and a gallant people who in the face of terrible obstacles have maintained a dignity and self-respect that is nothing short of amazing. Here are two million people crowded into an area of



ROOM, BOARD—and TEN DOLLARS A MONTH





ENTRANCE TO THE SCENE OF THE EL GUACIO DEVELOPMENT IN PUERTO RICO.

3,650 miles. Seventy percent of them are rural people; their average family income is \$350. They are good and bad, attractive and unattractive, even as you and I and all the rest of the world.

We like them. They are good people, mostly; in forty-seven years, evangelical Christianity has won thirty percent of the population. When Protestant missions first came down here, after the Spanish war, it was a common thing to see a man clubbed and beaten for refusing to bow to a religious image carried through the street; today there is one hundred percent religious freedom. Christianity has not accomplished so much, in so short a time, anywhere else in the whole mission field.

What we need down here now is not more lurid literature describing our poverty and ill health, but a change in diet, better food, a few more doctors and scientific farmers and community workers and evangelists—a few more doers of the Word who will take off their coats and go to work. We're finding quite a few people, in continental United States, who actually seem anxious to do that....

We have been asking American college youth to come down to El Guacio and help us make the abundant life of Christ a reality among these people. We have been telling them about the hundred acres of land we've bought, and of how we'd like to turn it into a great Christian community center from which we could attack disease and poverty and ignorance. We are offering these college-trained young Americans the handsome wage of ten dollars a month—plus board and room—to come down and work with us

for at least two years. You may not believe it, but they are eager to come! Not a day goes by without at least one application coming in at headquarters from some brash young man or woman anxious to give two years of his or her life, and offering to raise the money, among relatives or friends, for his own travelling expenses! Some of them are already on the job, and others are on their way. Who said American youth was sophisticated, selfish and cynical?

The idea behind El Guacio is really quite simple. Jesus, you know, did not walk about the Galilean countryside picking posies. He had a way of walking into the midst of sickness to bring health, into confusion to bring peace—and we believe that we ought to be doing the same thing, after Him. We who live and work at El Guacio believe that if people are hungry they should be fed. That if they are sick they should be healed. If there is ignorance—teach them. If there is no economic opportunity—get it! That's all we're trying to do, on our hundred acres.

There isn't anything very romantic about it; we're a rather unimpressive lot, but we're having the time of our lives on ten dollars a month—plus board and room. We are up at six, we have morning devotions at 6:30. We set out tomato plants, cabbage, turnip, lettuce, pepper and eggplant, carrot, beet and swisschard plants, under the supervision of government agriculturists. We go out now and then to the neighboring jibaros, or farmers, to help them prepare their soil and rotate their crops.

We sit with the people in their homes by the hour, just talking, and we watch

their faces light up with a brave new hope as they come to understand that we are here to help them get adequate schooling and adequate food, adequate income and a better community and religious life. We hold religious services in little nearby chapels and churches. We are taking sand and gravel out of the river that flows through our green valley, and mixing it with cement. It is hard work, yes-but have you ever built a wall? It is the most satisfying labor in the world. We will soon be building a chapel, a barn and a workshop and a big conference hall to which young and old may come from all over the island to think and plan together the building of the Kingdom of God. . .

Only yesterday, four of us climbed the hill back of the house; on the very top we picked a spot that catches the cool steady northeast trade winds that temper the tropical heat; we cleared that spot with machete and axe and spade, and we began to build a terrace between two giant mango trees. This is for the chapel. . . .

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At night, we're tired, we sleep the sleep of the just—after we pray together asking God to send us a doctor, a nurse, mechanic, farmer, plumber, carpenter, religious education worker, dietician, and a director of recreation. We're not worried about the morrow; we know they'll come.

Did you think the last frontier had gone? That the day of the pioneer had gone? Not for us, it hasn't! We build for Christ on a new frontier: we are the conquistadores of God, and we would not be anything or anyone else for all the money in the world!



This easy-to-make crocheted handkerchief makes a fastidious gift

By MARTHA TODD

HO'D ever think of getting ready for May in October? It's hard for me to think that far ahead; that's been one of my greatest troubles in program planning. And I probably wouldn't have thought about it at this time, if it hadn't been for a friend of mine. She stopped on her way through town the other day. and paid me a little visit, and among other things she wanted my advice on a plan that she has for raising money. (I do wish I'd come across a good plan for making the programs of monthly meetings more interesting, I'm getting tired of all these moneymaking schemes, as important as I know them to be!) It seems that her church is looking forward to building a new chapel, and the women want to make their contribution as large as possible. And she wondered what I thought about her plan. It was good! I asked her if she would mind if I passed it along to you . . . now this is where the planning for May comes in . . . and here is her plan:

To have a May Day Festival! Well, why talk about that now? I can just hear you say. And for this reason, this May Day Festival has special significance! A whole year's work is going to go into it. But to get back to the Festival before we get to the work-a May Queen is to be chosen on that day, from a May Court. And the Queen will not be chosen for beauty, her crown is to be won as the reward for raising the most money during the year. Oh, not by herself! The Court is to be made up of nine women, each of whom has a group of women under her; these nine are like the queen bee with her drones (my friend in explaining this to me, didn't use those terms, but I think they describe what she meant more accurately). It's the women in the group who do the work, either together on one project, or separately, whichever suits the group best. But all have the same idea in mind, that their group be the most successful, for the Queen that raises the most money during the year is Queen of the May. Now, no one knows how much the other groups have made, and what is more, no one finds out until the day of the Festival, so the suspense increases the fun as well as stimulates each team to do its very best.

As for the Festival itself, it will be

a church family affair, a play will be given by the high-school department, and will be followed by an ice-creamand-cake social. The crowning will take place after the play is given, and the Queen will reign over the rest of the activities.

But what about the work that those women are going to do? There's a lot of money to be raised, so they'll have to have pretty good ideas about what they are going to do to raise it. Evidently those women have a lot of imagination too, from the things they are contemplat-



A knitted housecoat for the baby

ing. Just listen to some of the ideas: In one group, several of the women have daughters in college, who say that the rage right now is for each girl to have as many stuffed animals as their beds can hold. So that group will devote some of their time to making all kinds of stuffed animals and with the help of those same daughters, they will peddle their wares in those colleges! That's a smart way of creating a new market for their products. And just think how economically those animals can be made. With scraps from the rag-bag, plus may-

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be a small expenditure of money for some unusual trimmings, a beautiful animal can be made, and the profit will be great. Incidentally the patterns for these animals are easily obtainable. Take the one pictured, it's just one of the many toys in that booklet "Easy to Sew Toys,"* put out by The Spool Cotton Co., makers of Clark's O.N.T. and J. & P Coats sewing materials.

Another group has decided to go in for the culinary arts: they are going to set themselves up in a kind of catering business and they'll take orders for and make cakes of all kinds, for birthdays, weddings, showers—yes, even cup cakes, pies, cookies, as well as sandwiches for tea parties. They figure that maybe somebody will want to give a tea party



Scraps of felt made this cunning toy

but won't want to do the work, and that's where they'll come into the picture. Or if a mother has to plan a wedding reception under some handicap, she might welcome this group doing it for her. And they will do it up right, buying, preparing and serving the food. Isn't that an ambitious undertaking and one that sounds like lots of fun? I hope they have somebody in charge who has read up on Emily Post, it probably will come in handy.

Some people like to work together, while others like to go ahead on their own, and so another group has decided to do just that! They sew, crochet, knit, and make rugs in this group, and they are setting out to solicit orders and are willing to make just about anything that anybody wants, from tablecloths to babies' sweaters, plus other infant apparel, aprons, quilts, to hooked rugs. Doesn't that sound as though they've bitten off a big piece? But my friend assures me these women are workers. From the illustrations on these pages, wouldn't you get some ideas and in-

spiration to go ahead in your church?

And that isn't all! There's another group which is interested in ceramics and jewelry making, and they have contracted with a store in town to handle all the creations they turn out. It seems that several of the women in this group do beautiful work, and they are turning their "five talents into ten." It seems that they can make all the pins, lockets, earrings, beautifully decorated boxes and trays that anyone will buy—all made in luscious colors and delicate shapes. That sounds as though it will net them a tidy sum.

Well, by the time that she got through all that, I was fairly dizzy. It seems to me as though that group had gotten an injection of atomic energy. But I say, "More power to them." I'll certainly be interested in hearing what the outcome is, how much money they raise as a group, and which of these projects is

tributing \$12 to the treasury. And another idea that came to me from this fertile country is one that I mentioned back there with the ceramic workers that of selling articles through a local store. This group made luncheon cloths, cardtable size, using theatrical gauze. If you know theatrical gauze at all, you know the many colors that it can be bought in, and you can easily imagine the possibilities in using it. This group fringed the material, then worked flowers, huge, splashy ones, made with yarn, in the corner of each cloth. A local store agreed to handle the cloths for the church group and a large profit was

In case that sounds like an easy way of peddling your products, let me point out some of the pitfalls in this kind of a venture. First of all you have to decide on an article that is surefire selling. And, of course, that isn't easy! And



You too can make this crocheted luncheon set that features a pineapple border

the most lucrative!

While we are on the subject of ideas, here's one from Amarillo, Texas, that came to me from a USO worker. In a church down there, they have an Apron Club. This certainly was a new one on me. It seems that each member promises to make an apron a month, and works on it at the meetings. She sells the aprons for a dollar, that's a set price! Since there are 12 months in the year, it means that she is held responsible for con-

then, you have to be able to make a certain quantity, or no store will be interested in handling it. Those two points are very important: an article that shows imagination, something that will capture the public's eye, and one that you can produce in large enough quantities to make it worthwhile for a store to handle it. If your group should be thinking in terms of turning Aunt Sarah's favorite candy, jelly, cookie, or

(Continued on page 103)

*Readers who would like to secure this booklet, may address their requests to Martha Todd, care of Christian Herald, 419 Fourth Ave., New York 16. There is a charge of 10 cents.



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H. ARMSTRONG ROBERTS

By JOHN FINLEY WILLIAMSON

President, Westminster Choir College, Princeton, N. J.

F YOU are in the mood for lamentation, consider what has happened to music as a medium of worship in these latter days. Originating purely as religious expression, music was the child of the Church. The Church nurtured it, gave it expression, assigned it a central place in worship, in all of life.

Religious leaders, from the Psalmist on down, had their wits about them; they were sound psychologists. So they told their people to "come before His presence with singing." They knew what singing does to grip the interest, stir the emotions, tone the worshiping mood. They knew music's "powers of recall", its ability to bring the memory back to meaningful experiences and associations. They knew that it can assuage sorrow, stimulate imagination, point up a sermon, condition the soul for stern duty.

Just before the tragic events of the Passion, Jesus fortified Himself and His disciples for what lay ahead—how? He led them in song! He put a hymn in their hearts. "And when they had sung an hymn, they went out"—out to Gethsamne, to Pilate's trial-chamber, to Via Dolorosa, to a cross. The Man of Sorrows was also a Man of Song.

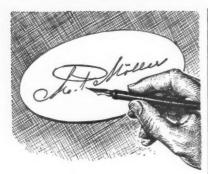
The Early Church caught His mood. It had a lilt to it. It sang its way through prisons and persecution, triumphed its way through spiritual dearth and physical death. They were singers, those early churchmen—all of them.

They obeyed the injunction, "Let the people praise Thee . . . let ALL the people praise Thee!" And for a long while Christians of the ages followed in their train.

But what have we latter-day religionists done with this powerful agent, music? We've relegated it to a minor place in the program. In too many cases, we use music as "background," make it a performance, let the choir or a paid quartet or soloist do the singing for us. And the result is that "congregational participation"—that highly important adjunct to church power—goes by the board. We are not worshippers; we're spectators.

We've forgotten somehow that worship is no "spectator sport." To be meaningful and rewarding it must, like liberty, be of and by the people as well as for them. Delivered from captivity, the tongue of Zion's people was "filled with singing." And notice the resultant

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effect on the observers: "Then said they among the heathen, The Lord hath done great things for them!" We wonder what our present-day "heathen" say to themselves when they observe us in worship action—or rather, inaction!

But while we of the Church have lagged in our utilization of music, the commercial, educational and political forces have stepped up theirs. Does it surprise you to know that before the war music was the third largest industry in the land? First steel, then oil—then music. Albert Edward Wiggam, author of "The Marks of an Educated Man," is authority for the statement that we spend three times as much for music as for all our colleges and universities put together. And the largest part of that money is spent by youth.

The power of music over youth is something the average layman-and, alas, the average preacher-does not fully appreciate. Power for evil as well as good. When the Church creates a vacuum here, other forces quickly fill it. One of Hitler's first steps in nazifying Germany was to take over the songs of youth, and so skillfully did he indoctrinate a generation that there is serious question whether we shall ever be able to reeducate it. The Soviets also have used music as a powerful propaganda medium. Early in the present Russian regime music teachers were made members of a highly favored profession, one not subject to service draft. When I was in Moscow in 1934, the last two choir concerts (with as many as 5,000 singing in a single choir) were made up of choir

And in its accent on music for youth, America is not too far behind, though its music is promoted by education and exploited by commercial interests rather than by government. In the public schools there is a music program that makes the Church's efforts in the field seem purile indeed.

When is the Church going to wake up and recapture, for the sake of Christ and the Kingdom, this force it has allowed

to slip out of its hands?

Part of the blame—we may as well admit it—rests squarely on the shoulders of church educators. Do you realize that among all the fine church colleges in this country—almost all of which have music departments—only one in a hundred offers courses in church music? Their music departments will train our young people for opera, concert and public school work, but they lamely say: "There is no appeal for our youth in the church music field. It lacks glamor—and future."

Nonsense! Every church college, every seminary, should have church-music courses. At Westminster, an interdenominational college, we cannot begin to accept all the students clamoring for admittance. And our graduates can supply only a tiny fraction of the demand churches are making for trained

workers in this important field of music.

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We must get the people singing again -ALL the people. Congregational participation is more than a resounding set of syllables; it is the sine qua non of true worship. And where can the congregation participate so actively, so totally, and with more fruitful results? We all. of course, will sing better when we get better leaders. A leader of church singing must have imagination and spiritual insight. Church music too long has been cold and mechanical because the accent has been more on metre than on message. We have fallen captive to the tyranny of the bar-line, made subject to the rigid rhythms that may be a necessity in the dance hall but are dead. ening to the sanctuary. Leading spiritual



DR. JOHN FINLEY WILLIAMSON

singing is far more than "keeping time;" it is an exacting task of concentration, involving close study of the inner spirit of the hymn and endeavoring to translate that to the congregation by the very manner of its rendition.

But we must especially get the youth singing. The churches' losses of young people astound us. Some years ago, Dean Athern stated that at 14 years of age, 14% of the girls and 24% of the boys drifted from the church: at 18 years, the loss was 66% of the girls and 75% of the boys; and at 22 years, 88% of the girls and 99% of the boys disappeared. During the later years these percentages have not decreased; statistics reveal that, among the younger brackets particularly, they are markedly increased.

Laymen, especially those with responsibility for religious education, need to feel afresh their duty to youth. It's not enough merely to bewail our losses. We must do something about it—something tried and tested. Recovery methods employed in too many instances have failed simply because they have too little basic appeal to youth. The public schools' music program attracts not only because

it gives boys and girls the chance to express themselves but because it improves their talents and contributes to their sense of the significant and to the richness of living.

But, I can hear you ask, just how can we implement a music program in our church? We get many inquiries about the so-called "Westminster Plan" taught at the Westminster Choir College, whose students and graduates are working everywhere across America and in the mission fields, and especially with small and rural churches where the facilities are few and funds limited.

Actually, our plan is not a new idea. It is simply the restoration to the Church of that program of worship through music which was followed years ago before congregations, in the rush and hurry of modern living, followed the lines of least resistance in satisfying themselves with individual soloists, hired quartets, or small voluntary choirs of a few "select" voices.

A good part of the work done by our graduates—apart, perhaps, from the actual musical training itself—can be done by almost any layman or committee with vision. If I were in the position of such, the first thing I would do is to "talk it up"—sell my church, and the boys and girls in it, on the contribution music can make to the church's influence and to the enrichment of its people.

Then, if my church did not have the funds to supply its own minister of music, or no one in the congregation competent to teach and direct a choir, I would go to the local high school teacher of music, invite him or her to visit our church, assay the possibilities there, and ask him or her to take responsibility for training my young people. It is a poor congregation indeed which could not pay a little something for expert instruction.

But, mark you, it must be instruction by someone with a *spiritual* motive! Besides being equipped with musical knowledge and the ability to impart it, the leader must have a genuine feeling for the message church music seeks to impart. We definitely do not favor the too-prevalent impression that, in the service of worship, the ministry of music and the ministry of the Word are two separate entities. Many a capable music director has proved a congregational irritant—if not an outright nuisance—by being a musician and nothing more.

I would then make announcement of the project in the church bulletin and in each class of the Sunday school, and organize a volunteer committee of interested people to call upon homes of the congregation where there are children, young people and adults who enjoy singing.

I would have in mind not only one choir, but as many as the membership would provide: a children's choir, a young people's chorus, an adult choir. If my leader was the high school music instructor, it would be easiest to start

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with the youth chorus, first enlisting those who are studying voice at school, but not limiting my prospects to voices usually characterized as "talent"; excellent results can be obtained from "average" and even "ordinary" voices.

In working out plans with the minister and music program leader. I would see to it that regular (and not too brief) periods are set aside for rehearsal, and for voice classes or clinics if possible. And I would make every effort to get the program geared at once into wider church projects. Both the junior and young people's choirs should have an opportunity to sing at the morning service of worship at least once every month, even though their special number be only a hum. If you want to hold their interest, put your choirs and choruses to work as soon as possible.

It is an excellent psychological move to conduct a service of consecration for all choirs-say, about two months after the organization work is well under way.

The children should, first of all, learn to sing in that lovely, natural child's voice rather than the forced, unnatural voice so common in children's singing today. And rather than devote too much time to anthems, I consider it more essential and fundamental that the children learn some of the great hymns of the Church, such as "Fairest Lord Jesus," "Praise to the Lord," "Now Thank We Our God" and so on.

The hymns are an integral part of the service and should be rehearsed regularly, without exception, in choir practice. A selected list of the better choral works should not only be learned but memorized by both the adult and young people's choirs. And for best results, we recommend that the repertoire include a good proportion of unaccompanied numbers.

There are other important matters besides singing. As soon as possible, all choir-loft habits which lessen the dignity of a worship service should be abolished forever. These include talking, laughing, gum-chewing, passing of music, and other unnecessary movements of hand and body which distract the attention of the congregation.

Vestments for the choirs add dignity and neat appearance. I would recommend the organization of a choir guild to supervise the making and care of choir vestments.

I would at once establish a fund to purchase suitable music for the choirs. If choirs are not given worthwhile material to work on, interest lags. But I would be sure that all music chosen is kept within the range of rendition, with just enough of the more difficult thrown in to "keep them reaching." If my church could not carry the load of providing the needed materials, I would not hesitate to put the matter up to my denominational board, saying: "We have an up-and-coming program here. But we need help with materials. What can you do about it?" Not only the local church but the denominations need some prodding toward higher musical vision!

Then, when I had got my own church's program under way, I would persuade other churches in the community to get together and promote a music school for the summer. A qualified person or persons could be brought in to direct it, and teachers recruited either from local or imported talent. Out of such a program will come teachers and leaders who will be willing-even eager-to take responsibility for training other groups and developing other leaders.

By the time you've got that far, you will have something happening in your town! And when the community becomes aware that your youth are being employed and their talents used and developed, you will find you have started a snowball of interest that will grow as it rolls.

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HOW TO PLAN A VITAL CHURCH PROGRAM AROUND AVAILABLE AUDIO-VISUAL AIDS

By

L. HARRY STRAUSS

Program Consultant on Audio-Visual Services, Association Films

E MAY as well admit it. When the motion picture was invented, the children of darkness were smarter (as well as wealthier) than the children of light. The entertainment world seized the "movie" as a gift from the gods, and virtually ran away with it. The constructive forces-represented, let us say, by religion and education-stood by and watched the new vehicle exploited for profit. All the while wishing to high heaven that they had the wherewithal as well as the vision to capture the kidnapped invention and release it for something nobler than just amusing people or taking them on excursions into never-never lands of romance and ad-

So through the years the "movies" had come to stand in the minds of most people as synonymous with Hollywood and all its dizzy doings. Because the in-

fluence of entertainment motion pictures has not always been helpful to religious and socially minded forces, the voices of those decrying Hollywood have often been loud in the land—as they should have been. The trouble was, they quite drowned out those fewer voices calling for a more constructive endeavor: the redemption of the vehicle itself and its application to higher uses.

But that's past history. We are now catching up. Religious and educational

educators had only experimented with it. But the stern necessity of turning ten million raw recruits into finished fighters caused the government to enlist all the forces of education, manufacture and production and weld them into one gigantic "combined operation." The result? Within three years the government's training program has changed visual instruction from a theory to a highly successful practice. Great things are ahead for education in the audiovisual field.

Great things are also ahead for the church. The tremendous upsurge of interest in audio-visual methods of teaching has hit religion as well as the schools. Churches are acquiring new 16 mm. sound projectors as rapidly as they become available—to say nothing of projectors for slides and slidefilms, record players, and opaque or reflectoscope projectors.

DIRECT FROM ENGLANDin 16mm Sound?

200 NEW CHURCH AND SCHOOL FILMS

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Productions of the Religious Film Society of Great Britain—inspiring films famous throughout the world—are now available through Filmosound Library.

Through arrangement with the J. Arthur Rank Organization and the Society, Filmosound Library has acquired distribution rights in the U. S. and Central and South America for approximately 200 religious and educational films.

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Five 2-reel sound films, a new and beautiful series, portray vividly life in the Holy Land during the first century. They are topical films,

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certain to be welcomed as Biblical background material by every faith.

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Longer, dramatic films of stories by Count Leo Tolstoy. "Where Love Is, God Is" tells of a bereaved father brought back to faith in God and man by Bible reading. "What Men Live By" relates the regeneration of a fallen angel through the influence of a fundamentally good man.

Church Discussion Films

Two non-Biblical films—excellent discussion subjects for church societies and classes: "Unseen Power," on social change; "The Silence," on personal morality.

New Recreational Films, Too

Fine, late British entertainment films will also soon be available in a steady supply, through a Filmosound Library arrangement with the J. Arthur Rank Organization. "Mr. Emmanuel," "Seventh Veil," "Colonel Blimp," "Blithe Spirit," and others, will enrich our library of worth-while recreational films after fair clearance from their present theater runs.

For complete information, and terms of rental and lease, write Bell & Howell Company, 7168 McCormick Road, Chicago 45; New York 20; Hollywood 38; Washington 5, D. C.; London.

Preferred by churches and schools everywhere, Filmosound 16mm sound-on-film projector is the finest the science of Optionics can produce. Brilliant 1000-watt illumination, new coated lens for clearer images, truly natural sound at all volume levels. Write for complete information today.

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BRANCHES IN 40 CITIES-DEALER REPRESENTATIVES EVERYWHERE

It is estimated that upwards of 7,000 Protestant churches now have one or more of these items of equipment, and that at least 25,000 will possess sound projectors within the next five years. Equipment manufacturers inform us that the churches are fast becoming their best customer group.

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As equipment becomes available, the demand for suitable subjects for religious education and worship services will be stepped up to a point where production costs will be guaranteed, and when this happens needed films in all areas of church program will be forthcoming. Even now a wealth of useful program material is available.

The troub a has been that too few churches are informed of the sources available or aware of the rich possibilities of films. To overcome this a number of very active interdenominational agencies have been set up and now are in full operation. To mention three: The Protestant Film Commission, organized during the past year, has the triple purpose of producing films for churches, prodding the theatrical film industry to bring forth entertainment films concerned with problems of human betterment, and furnishing film reviews and ratings (prepared by Christian Her-ALD'S Protestant Motion Picture Council) to the religious press. The Religious Film Association, established in 1942, aims to distribute films suitable for church showings, with outlets through denominational bookstores. The third is the Department of Visual Education of the International Council of Religious Education. A recent development of this department is the Visual Education Fellowship, whose members pay a \$5 registration fee and thereby are entitled to receive newsletters, bulletins, pamphlets and other releases which tie specific films and slides into many areas of church program.

Programming With Visual Aids

It should be made plain that effective programming, the kind that will have permanence, must be aimed at more than just the boosting of a sagging church attendance. Visual materials should be planned as a longtime and integral part of the church's total program, tied into church school classes, young people's societies, scout groups, men's and women's clubs, and in worship services if desired. So used, these aids will pay educational dividends—and incidentally the attendance will be boosted.

Films and other visual materials need not be restricted to items purely religious in content. Any church with a vital program for all of life is concerned with contemporary social issues. And films are an unexcelled medium for teaching racial and religious tolerance, better labor-management relations, improved home and family life, correct attitudes toward economics, government and citizenship, health and public welfare.

The Film Forum

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The film forum is a relatively new tool which has been used successfully in many young people's societies and adult church clubs. It places emphasis on group discussion, utilizing either motion pictures or slidefilms to introduce the topic. An experienced discussion leader is the key to success here. A panel chosen from the group, or a subject specialist, will be found helpful in stimulating lively "give and take" after the film has been shown.

Although the number of available discussion films is somewhat limited, there are yet enough within reach to keep the average church supplied for some time. And more are being produced all the

In forums concerned with public affairs, the following films will prove helpful: "Pale Horseman" (health and world rehabilitation), "Now The Peace" (world security and the United Nations), "Suffer Little Children" (food and the peace), "What Foreign Trade Means to Me" (a slidefilm), "How to Live With the Atom" and "Up and Atom" (slidefilms treating control of atomic energy). In the field of racial and religious tolerance, these are especially good: "The World We Want to Live In," "Negro Soldier." "Story of Dr. Carver," "The House I Live In," and the slidefilm "We Are All Brothers."

(Continued on next page)

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Use the most comprehensive library of religious films and fit them into the religious program of your young people's groups and societies, Sunday school assemblies, and weekday schools of religious education:

"TWO THOUSAND YEARS AGO" a series of five films on Life in Palestine in the 1st Century

"CATHEDRAL FILMS" (Twelve New Testament Stories)

"JULIEN BRYAN PRODUCTIONS" (Seven New Films on Poland and Russia)

"THE HOUSE I LIVE IN" with Frank Sinatra

(A Film on Racial and Religious Tolerance)

Write for the 1946-1947 edition of the Catalog of Selected Motion Pictures or information on any of the above films.

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Here is a Partial List of Titles: Ave Maria

Ave maria
Silent Night
The Angalus
Little Town of Bethlehem
What A Friend
Rock of Ages
C Come, All Ye Faithful
(Adeste Fideles) Near The Cross Beulah Land God Be With You Till We Meet Again

Love Divine Abide With Me and 26 other popular hymns.

Many other appropriate subjects available, including "SVMPHONIES IN STONE"—showing the beauty and majesty of famous old world cathedrals; "MINE EYES HAVE SEEN THE GLORY"—portraying Franklin D. Roosevelt's historic D-Day Prayer; Travelogues; Nature Studies.

Films may be obtained at your nearest film library—for rental or sale. Write Dept. 29 for FREE copy of Post Pictures latest catalogue, listing available films.

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Color circular, with full list of Church-Craft Bible Story Slide Sets. Free from your dealer on request.

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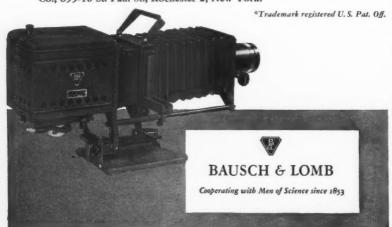
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Equipped with an adjustable tilting base, the Model BDT may be placed on a school desk or other inclined support, yet be leveled to show a symmetrical image on the screen.

This compact, substantially built projector is easily operated—gives long, trouble-free service. Details available in catalog E-11. Bausch & Lomb Optical Co., 699-10 St. Paul St., Rochester 2, New York.



Worship Programs

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Churches trying out regular (weekly or monthly) worship services built entirely around a combination of Bible story films, hymnalogues and hymn films report outstanding success. An active worship committee can, with a bit of imagination and some industry, plan programs using many audio-visual materials. In addition to motion pictures. colored slides on various topics, and those reproducing favorite religious paintings, are available in wide variety. Some of the best scripts for both films and slides may be obtained from the International Council of Religious Education

"Hills and the Sea" is a beautiful inspirational film, available in color in either sound or silent versions. And any of the many Cathedral Films, such as "A Certain Nobleman," "Prodigal Son" or "Man of Faith" and the "Life of St. Paul" series, as well as such longer subjects as "The King of Kings," fit well into any week-night or Sunday evening worship presentation.

Informational Programs

In addition to their use in film forums, subject-content and attitude-building motion pictures may be used as an integral part of class or other group presentations. Such Encyclopedia Britannica films as "Gray Squirrel," "Black Bear Twins," "Adventures of Bunny Rabbit," "Eskimo Children" and "Children of Japan" are excellent for children of primary classes. Intermediate and older groups can use advantageously many of the motion pictures listed in the Religious Film Association's catalog.

Secular films can be tied into the educational programs of youth and adult groups. For missionary study groups there are many films dealing with other lands. For instance: "This is China," "The Bridge," "The Amazon Awakens," "Montivideo Family," "Children of Tragedy," which deals with the plight of Europe's war-dislocated children, and the new Julian Bryan releases dealing with the peoples of Poland and Russia.

Health and recreation is another area worthy of consideration for the church film program. Many sports-teaching films are available which could be used for youth groups.

Entertainment in the Church

Entertainment pictures have a place in any church program. Children's parties are often enhanced by the showing of appropriate films. Wholesome cartoons, animal subjects, and films such as those in the Encyclopedia Britannica list already mentioned are ideal.

Of appeal to both youth and adult groups are such travel films as "Wings to Alaska," "This Amazing America." "Wings Around South America," "South of the Border With Disney" and many of the films produced by the Office of Inter-American Affairs.

Shaping the Program

As we have indicated, any audiovisual program should be carefully planned, with definite objectives in mind. Films and other visual materials should be used in the church in the same way they are used in the armed forces-that is, with a view to doing a specific educational job. This involves first the careful selection of suitable visual materials; and, second, the planned use of them.

Films should be carefully selected in relation to units of study or matters of current interest, or to present needed information relative to a specific emphasis being made by the church or church school. The St. Paul series previously mentioned should be related to the study of the apostle's life and work; the missionary films should be geared to special programs stressing missions needs; the social action and discussional films should tie in with local interests or conditions.

Leadership skill is necessary here as elsewhere. No program can be effective if those handling it know little of what it's all about. The Encyclopedia Britannica subject, "Using the Classroom Film," although designed for day school teachers, can be adapted for church leadership training.

Previewing films is the key to effective utilization, yet it is the technique most often neglected. Teachers or leaders should know in advance the exact content of the film, so that they can introduce it in such a manner as to prepare the class to view it critically and at the same time tie its content into the broader subject under discussion.

The Workshop Idea

Where desired, the professional and lay staffs of several community churches can come together periodically for the purpose of studying how visual aids might be better used. Such a meeting can take the form of a workshop at

which audio-visual consultants are present. If the leadership is not available in the community, help may be secured from the International Council of Religious Education or denominational headquarters.

The workshop program might include the following: (1) a demonstration of available equipment and a discussion of how it may best be used; (2) a discussion of program objectives and how visual materials may be used to fulfill them; (3) specific films and other materials might be previewed in terms of possible use in various church programs.

Costs and Sources

Films suitable for church use are of three general kinds: Rentals (costing about \$1.50 per reel); Service Charge films (usually 50c per film, plus carriage charges one or both ways); Sponsored, or Industrial, films (free).

Slides are usually purchased (except when obtained from a library) and range from 50c to \$1 per slide. Slidefilms are also purchased, and generally used to build up a church film library, since they can be used again and again; cost averages \$2.50 per subject.

There are many sources, but for a beginning it would be well to send to the following for catalogs and information:

Association Films (YMCA Motion Picture Bureau), 347 Madison Ave., New York. Catalog: "Selected Motion Pictures." Free.

Religious Film Association, Inc., 11 W. 42nd St., New York. Catalog: "Films for Church and Community Use." Free. Society for Visual Education, 100 E.

Ohio St., Chicago.

International Council of Religious Education, 203 N. Wabash Ave., Chicago. Information on planning.

H. W. Wilson Co., 950 University Ave., New York 52. Basic volume, "The Educational Film Guide" (the most complete in its field) and monthly issues. Subscription rate: \$3.

Division of Visual Aids, U. S. Office of

Education, Washington, D. C. Catalog: "U.S. Government Motion Pictures and Filmstrips." Free.

Encyclopedia Britannica, Inc., 20 N. Wacker Drive, Chicago.

Bell & Howell Co., 7100 McCormick Road, Chicago 45. Catalog of religious and educational films. Free.

Church Craft Pictures (formerly Cathedral Pictures), 3312 Lindell Boulevard, St. Louis 3.

Coronet Instructional Films, 919 N. Michigan Ave., Chicago.

Selected Films, 124 N. Bright Ave., Dept. A, Whittier, Calif.

Post Pictures Corp., Dept. 29, 723 Seventh Ave., New York 19.

Planet Pictures, 5746 Sunset Blvd., Hollywood 28, Calif.

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A picture with humanizing uplift

Two 16 mm Sound Films in Color and Black-and-White

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Trends

IN CHURCH CONSTRUCTION

HE American Protestant churches are now engaged in planning the most stupendous enterprise of new church building and improvements our country has ever witnessed. In this great endeavor some notably prominent trends are clearly evident.

These trends indicate a rather wonderful unanimity of attitude regarding the church and its function in the American scene. Stated in brief form, the following items may form a sort of check list for those who wish to take note of the more pronounced emphases in church planning

as they will affect the immediate future.

THE EXTERIOR DESIGN is "churchly." Despite a temporary fad for bizarre "modernistic" designs here and there, church folks generally want their house of worship and prayer to be immediately recognizable as a church. They want everyone who passes by to feel that the building bespeaks a spirit of welcome and of fellowship. While extreme "modernistic" design is being avoided, designs are more straightforward—not encumbered with meaningless ornament: no tin painted to imitate marble; no wood sanded and painted to imitate stone.

Steeples, belfrys and towers continue, most decidedly, but achievements in electronics and ability to create real bell music and amplify it means that towers of the future will not be constructed to support tons of bells.

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Grounds are more ample, and more attention is being given to landscape architecture. Churches are being planned for 10, 12, 14 acres.

IN THE SANCTUARY more color will be used, as well as in rooms used for children and youth. Cheerfulness with dignity will be expressed in the wise use of paint.

In plan, buildings are being laid out along straight lines, not so wide spans as formerly, with level floors, lower ceilings in all school rooms and offices, lower roof lines. Such buildings are much more economical to maintain, but may be built in "units," thus avoiding heavy debts. Rooms open into corridors rather than into other rooms, making possible greater flexibility of usage.

Much stained glass is being prepared. But not "picture" windows; glass is being honestly used as glass.

The divided chancel has apparently returned to stay, in keeping with the great interest among Protestants for more effective settings for worship.

NEW MATERIALS AND EQUIPMENT are provoking great interest, but are being used cautiously until fully tested. Cinder blocks encourage solid masonry walls -no further excuse for brick veneer over a wood frame. . . . Glass blocks are being used principally to give light to stairways and dark halls. . . . Prefabricated wall sections are proving useful and convenient, adding to flexible usage of building: but few folding walls and partitions are in evidence, practically none of the former sort. . . . Forced ventilation and air conditioning will be used as a matter of course, but their use will be increased when manufacturers take take a little interest in planning their products for church use.

A notable trend that involves all the above and more: churches are showing an eagerness to secure the best available counsel, and to a greater degree better qualified architectural services, than was the case some years ago. (To this end Christian Herald is eager to help!)

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THINGS TO THINK ABOUT WHEN BUYING A PROJECTOR



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ible stories, Holy Land travelogues, approved entertainment films . . . thousands of subjects are available on 16mm film, ready to come alive through the magic of the Victor Animatophone. With its many features for showing sound or silent, black and white and color motion pictures, the Victor is ideally suited to church use.

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Chicago (1), 188 W. Randolph

MAKERS OF 16MM EQUIPMENT SINCE 192

TIPS for Church Builders

From THE MAN IN THE PEW

- Why not create a place for wraps, hats, galoshes, umbrellas, so that worshipers do not have to carry them with them into divine worship? With a little ingenuity, and almost no expense, the vestibule of even the smallest church can be arranged to take care of this perplexing problem.
- Why not allow more space between pews, so that one may more easily squeeze past those who insist on occupying aisle positions, and so that one may cross his knees on occasion without imitating a contortionist?
- Why not keep a light burning behind that beautiful stained-glass window of the church facing the street, so that lonely passersby may be comforted by the message it imparts?
- Why not put a floodlight where it will shine upon the cross atop the church spire? If no other material is handy, this could be made from a superannuated auto-headlight.
- Why not board up or somehow close the windows that send a glaring light in one's eyes when he is trying to follow the preacher? Better still, install the kind of stained glass that is "glare proof."
- Why have the church so poorly lighted? Lighting equipment that gives light where it is wanted will save electricity and soon compensate for the cost of replacing fixtures that cause eye discomfort and discourage attendance, especially at the evening hour.
- Why not print the words of anthems in the church bulletin so that worshipers can benefit from this part of the service by following the message as the choir sings it? Even though the music be good, if the words are mangled by the choir the message is lost on the congregation.

- Why not provide a commodious literature rack in the vestibule or near sanctuary exits where pamphlets, booklets and denominational magazines and papers may be displayed? On each slot the price, if any, could be indicated, and a small coin box attached.
- Why not beautify church lawns with seasonal flowers and evergreens? The church grounds should be the most attractive in the community. In every congregation there are enough horticultural hobbyists to take over this responsibility—and like it.
- Why not use more cheerful colors in churches? Religion is supposed to give joy in place of sorrow; just visit an in-

telligent undertaker's chapel and see how comforting the color scheme makes the room!

• Why not do something about bad acoustics? With all the acoustical correction materials available today, there is no excuse for worshipers in any part of the sanctuary having to strain their hearing apparatus to be aware of what's going on.

What is YOUR idea for improving your church? Christian Herald will pay \$1 for each suggestion accepted for use in this column. (Contributions to this department, if not accepted, cannot be returned unless stamped, self-addressed envelope is enclosed.)





CHILDREN'S CHAPELS AND WORSHIP CENTERS

▲ITTLE Sylvia DeDoming, full of dignity and aplomb, marched up the long aisle, keys in hand. Nine years old, and totally unabashed by either the crowded sanctuary or the galaxy of church dignitaries, she was the elected representative of the "children's advisory building committee." And she carried herself with a bearing befitting the office. The keys she held were to the new children's chapel at the First Methodist Church, Newton Upper Falls, Mass. And today was the big day-the day of dedication.

Sylvia had put a lot of herself into this new building. Along with other children, she had sat through long meetings to "advise" their elders, even criticize some of their old-fogev ideas when necessary. They had come around after school while the building was going up, keeping tabs on the construction-to say nothing of having raised and given a lot of the funds-and when the cornerstone was laid they had been in charge of the ceremony. Sylvia and her mates had an investment here; they were protecting it.

The lofty bishop stood at the front awaiting her. And when she curtsied and handed the keys to him, he gravely accepted them and started the recessional to the chapel. Sylvia fell into line. Behind her and the bishop came the ministers, choirs, church school officers and workers. Ushers carried the chil-

ONLY

A report on the trend toward junior chapels and worship centers

ELBERT M. CONOVER

Christian Herald Church Building Consultant



dren's altar to its place in the worship center, and Sylvia's little friends followed with the altar cloth, vases, flowers, and a figure of the Boy Christ with outstretched arms. The bishop spoke some solemn words of dedication, a couple of boys unveiled a special window, and then the oldsters and the youngsters joined in the Doxology. Sylvia's voice rang out above all the rest!

That gives you just a glimpse into what seems to be a very active trend these days. And its a healthy one! The creation of more children's chapels and worship centers is revitalizing religion for youth, ushering in a happier day for child life in the church.

In scores of places now a children's chapel is helping teachers and children to realize the goodness and friendship of God-and doing it in an atmosphere full of meaning and beauty. Successful workers with children in religious and public school work are saying that the effect of the room is frequently of greater importance than the content of the lesson. That being so, religious education leaders are concentrating on making the rooms as beautiful as possible. Protestants too generally, it is felt, have neglected the powerful means of religious influence through the ministry of beauty.

A room to be beautiful and meaningful need not be large or extravagantly expensive. But it does need to be designed and furnished strictly from the viewpoint of the child and in considerations of a child's feelings-and his size. The windows must be low, the fitments not too large for his comfort and convenience. The room's proportions are

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THE PILGRIM PRESS

14 Beacon St., Boston 8, Mass. 19 S. LaSalle St., Chicago 3, Ill. 124 West 4th. St., Dayton, Ohio important. It should be greater in length than in width, so that one's attention is naturally directed upon the focal point—the worship center or altar.

A children's chapel is to be used by the children, not merely admired by them. Their most meaningful worship experiences can and should center here. To impart a feeling of greater proprietorship on the part of the young worshipers, they should help plan it, help furnish it, and help prepare it from Sunday to Sunday for the service.

Dr. Paul Vieth, noted leader in religious education, points out the fact that, besides being an effective means for leading children into more meaningful "child level" religious experiences in worship, the children's chapel is also an economy in building cost, for it eliminates the need for at least one assembly room. One group-say the Primary Department-may use the chapel for assembly purposes at the beginning of the Sunday school, and then go to their class rooms. The Juniors may use the same chapel for their assembly at the latter part of the school period where the extended session is in practice. And so on. The chapel may thus be used three or more times during the Sundayschool session.

The First Congregational Church in Stoneham, Mass., is another church that has proved the value of the children's chapel. When the decision was made to provide it, the only room available was a dull, colorless, low-ceilinged one on the second floor of the church school.

The remodeling began. Red drapes were placed at the windows and across the front of the room, with a white satin central panel immediately behind the altar. A hand-carved cross, with offering plates and candlesticks to match were placed on the altar.

After a year the chapel had proved so popular that further revisions were made. Special pews were constructed, red carpeting laid down and a hand-carved lectern and pulpit, large pulpit Bible, marker, hymnals, and a small piano were contributed by interested friends.

Nearly all the furnishings were presented as memorials or in honor of faithful workers with children and young people. Brass plates with the names of the donors and the persons honored were placed on the pews and altar chairs. The children too had a hand in furnishing the room; one of the pews was purchased by them and presented in honor of their leader.

The entire chapel cost less than \$1,000.

(If you would like suggestions for planning a children's chapel for your church, write the Christian Herald's Church Building Consultant, giving such information as to number and ages of the groups to use the chapel, and, if it is to be a remodeling project, the measurements and description of the room to be used.—Ed.)



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To Those Who Will Renovate

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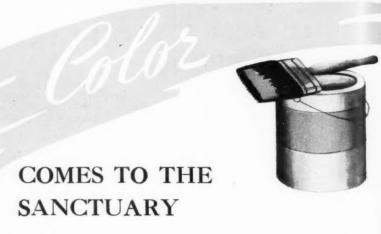
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VERYWHERE across America in churches large and small, there is heard these days the slap-slap of the paint-brush and the gurgle of the mixing paddle. After four long years of paint and labor scarcity, and more long years of looking at drab walls and uninspiring color combinations in our sanctuaries, we are letting ourselves go. Restrained only by the availability of paints and the stretchability of our church budgets, we are attempting to satisfy our color-hungry souls by a clean-up and paint-up splurge of proportions unmatched in any other era.

This rush to give our churches a longneeded facelifting is remarkable not only for its proportions but for the direction of its trend. It is as though we



"Churches can be cheerful!" seems to be the decorators' slogan as the slap of the paint-brush is heard once more throughout the land

have suddenly discovered that churches can be cheerful. And that paint is something more than a covering for wall and celling, that it can be—and will be when used properly—a definite aid to individual and collective worship.

During the last forty years, church interiors have been on a merry-go-round so far as the use of paints is concerned. At the turn of the century, decorating schemes seemed out to exhaust the spectrum. Every molding, carving or ornament was an irresistible temptation for somebody to add another color. Then, to make sure that no tint or curlicue was left out, an elaborate stencil pattern was often applied to the wall.

This gaudy and rather pointless pattern of church decoration, however, soon sickened and died. It was too distracting. The lack of unity in décor reflected itself in scattered congregational attention. So decorators soon moved toward practices which all but eliminated colors. One color—usually a very dull one—was made to serve all purposes. But once again the tide turned. Churchgoers found the effect monotonous, uninviting. What was meant to induce spiritual repose too often brought on only physical slumber.

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A few years before the war, church decoration—like home decoration preceding it—began to be accepted as a real art. And the specialists, usually in the employ of the paint companies, began to experiment. Church interiors began to brighten up. Lighter tones and contrasting colors, used to make rooms smaller or larger, raise or lower the cellings, and especially to concentrate attention.



Bright colors give Buena Vista Baptist Church, Owensboro, Ky., a cheerful atmosphere. Note how use of deeper color in alcove centers attention on sanctuary.

tion where it should be concentrated—these improvements began to appear.

If you have visited around a little, you probably have experienced the different moods created by color—its use and misuse. Whether you stopped to analyze it or not, you knew that a definite impression for or against worship was set for you almost as soon as you entered the sanctuary. There dropped over you a mantle of cheerfulness and spiritual expectancy, or there fell over you a weight of drabness and clamminess that gave you a guilty fellow-feeling for the non-churchgoer who gaily alibis that he can do a better job of worshiping out on the golf links or by a wooded stream somewhere.

The program of making church interiors more cheerfully worshipful was going along nicely when the war came. Postponed, of course, were most redecorating jobs, and some have stayed postponed until now. But as paints become available, we are gradually picking up where we left off. And strong in our thinking is the psychology of color as applied to worship.

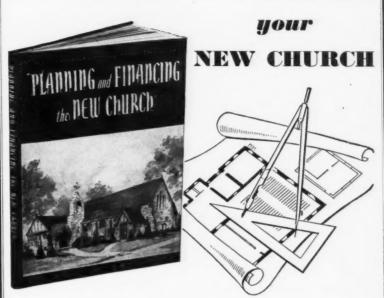
The trend is to light and unobtrusive tones that blend in harmoniously with the architecture, that offer the church plenty of light and yet give it the quiet restfulness needed for meditation. Color toning, or the mixing of colors, is the important factor in determining an appropriate color for church use. Any color, be it deep or very light, should be grayed or toned to produce the soft effect desirable in a house of worship.

The interior structure must be considered when selecting a color combination for ceilings and walls. For instance, in a church with yellow stained-glass windows, the glare of the sunlight and the warm effect thus produced can be balanced with a pale bluish-green wall. Where natural glass windows are used and pure light floods the interior, the walls can be painted with a warm buff or beige to counterbalance it.

If the sanctuary appears too large or too small, skillful use of color can overcome this obstacle. Buff tones in relatively deep shades will bring the interior closer together. The opposite effect can be achieved with light receding colors, such as greens, blues, ivories and creams. These give an air of spaciousness and actually "increase" the apparent size of the room.

Before settling on a redecorating program, it is well to call in an architect or paint specialist. There are too many factors entering into any church's redecoration to risk a bungled job for the sake of saving a few dollars. However, this magazine's Church Building Consultant will be pleased to recommend anything that can be recommended from a distance, and stands ready to advise as to particular materials and the names of architects and other specialists in the church building and church redecorating

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Nicola D'Ascenzo

CHURCH BEAUTIFIER

S YOU walk down the street it's hot and you mop your brow as you search for some identifying sign. You turn off 16th into a small street between Race and Vine, and you find yourself standing before a very plain building and beneath a scarcely legible sign. You push a bell, the door opens—and prestol you are in a world of such beauty as one would never expect to find in this rather dowdy part of Philadelphia.

This is the home of The D'Ascenzo Studios, and from this place have come some of the most beautiful and inspiring works of stained glass art in America. Such, for example, as those in the National Cathedral chapel in Washington, the Riverside Church and the Cathedral of St. John the Divine in New York, the Washington Memorial Chapel at Valley Forge, the Memorial Chapel at Princeton University, and scores of others.

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Born in Italy, Nicola D'Ascenzo was brought to this country when eleven years of age. His art career began as a portrait painter, shifted into interior decoration, hence to church decoration. Member of a Protestant communion, he brings not only artistic genius to his work but also a deep and reverent spirituality.

In the photo he is shown seated, discussing with his son, Nicola Goodwin D'Ascenzo, the designs and full-size drawings for the Press and Labor bay windows, Cathedral of St. John the Divine, New York City.



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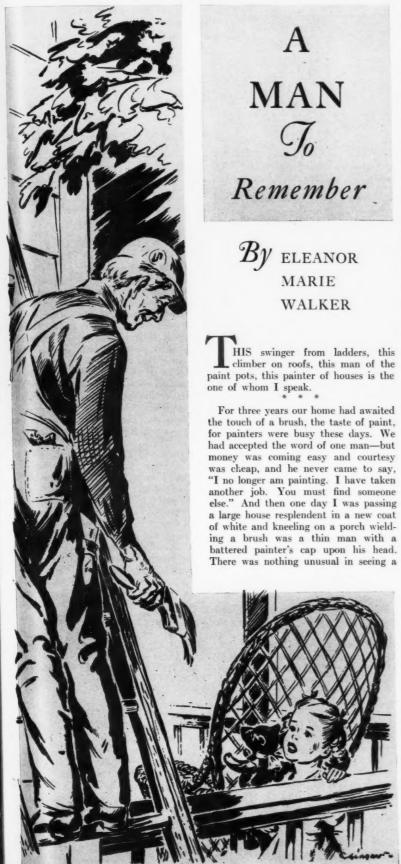
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^{*}The name that means MUSIC to millions.



man paint a porch, yet this one handled his brush with such thoughtfulness, and there was in his face a certain goodness which made me say to myself, "This is the one whom I should like most to paint my house."

So I stopped and spoke to him. Yes, he said, he would come to see my house; he would give me an estimate, but he could not promise to do it till next year. But something there was in his deep-set eyes, his soft voice, his courteous manner, that made me eager to wait a year longer if he would do the job. He came, he agreed to do the work, and he gave his word that next spring we would be first on his list.

It was a rainy spring and he could not work outside till early June, but in May he called to tell us that as soon as the weather broke he would be there—and he was. "Never," he said, "have I given my word and broken my bond. Of my honesty I am proud. A man first must live with himself and be content with the man he is."

I had never seen a man work so eagerly, so earnestly. "You know," he would say, "I love my work." His voice rang on the word, "love." He held up his two capable hands and remarked, "As long as I have these, I'll never go hungry. They've done a lot of things in sixty years, a lot of hard work, but life is good."

He would arrive at eight or before in the morning and I could hear him putting his ladders up or mixing the paint and he would be whistling or humming. He would shake his head and chuckle to himself—pleased with the day, pleased with his work.

If I stopped to compliment him on the job he was doing, his face would light up, he would put his head to one side and say, "You won't know this house when I get through." He seemed to want to surprise you with excellence. He scraped, he puttied all the windows, he replaced broken glass, he nailed anything loose, he cleaned all the gutters and leaders, he fixed sash that wouldn't go up or down. All this and more and never from us, "Would you please fix this or that?" Yes, he was a superior workman—a man of greatness, a man who knew the secret to a successful and happy way of life.

One morning I remarked at the wonderful weather he was having for painting. "You must have it all arranged with God," I said.

"Well," he replied, "I don't know about that, but He's one person I like to keep on the good side of." He surveyed the sky. "You know, I haven't lost a day of work this year. Yes, sir, God's been good to me."

One day he brought me some strawberries from his garden. They were great red ones and they were laid just so in the box. "Here are some berries from our garden. Thought you and your

(Continued on page 77)



OCTOBER 1946

DAILY MEDITATIONS

For the Quiet Hour

BY DR. WILLIAM L. STIDGER

A PRAYER AND MEDITATION FOR SPIRITUAL PROGRESS EACH DAY OF THE YEAR

TUES. READ ACTS 19:36

JOHN R. MILLER once said about this text: "In all of life it is the quiet forces that effect most. Sunbeams fall all day long, silently, unheard by human ears. Gravitation is a silent force with no rattle of machinery, no clanking chains and yet it holds all the stars and worlds together in their orbits and swings them through space with unvarying precision. The dew falls silently at night while men sleep, yet it touches every plant and leaf and flower with life and beauty. Thus even in nature, strength lies in quietness, and the mightiest energies move noiselessly."

Dear God of all silent things, teach us to be "still and know" that Thou art God; and after the storm and lightning and earthquake, to listen for "the still small voice." Amen.

WED. READ PSALMS 24:5 (A. V.)

PRINCIPAL Jacks, a few years ago, wrote a book entitled "The Lost Radiance of the Christian Religion" and that book started thousands of Christians to seeking for that lost radiance. That book raised a question in the minds of all of us as to how to get back that "lost radiance" and two things tell us this October morning. Our text tells us how: "They looked unto Him and were radiant. Also, Dr. R. A. Torrey tells us in these words: "Would you like to be a radiant Christian? You may be. Spend much time in prayer. You cannot be a radiant Christian any other way. Why is it that prayer makes one radiantly happy? The answer is that prayer makes God real. The happiest thing on this earth is to have a real God. I would rather give up anything I have in the world, or anything I ever may have, than give up my faith in a real God." "He was transfigured before them, and His face did shine as the sun.'

Dear Christ of all radiance, all glory, all delight, love and laughter, we thank Thee that on the Mount of Transfiguration. Thou didst teach us that radiance comes out of an atmosphere and an attitude of prayer and meditation. Amen.

THURS. OCT. 3

READ JOHN 16:33

HITLER, a few years ago, thought that he had conquered the world just as a half dozen other dictators have thought. Napoleon once said: "Alexander, Caesar, Charlemagne and I have founded great empires, but upon what did our genius depend? Upon force! Jesus alone founded His empire on love. and to this very day millions would die for Him. I think I understand something of human nature and I tell you that all these dictators were men, and I am a man! None else is like Him. Jesus Christ was more than a man!" That is great testimony from the greatest dictator that this world has ever known. He recognized that love and not force would rule this earth, as Jesus once said: "I have overcome the world."

Dear Master of all affection, brotherliness, comradeship and love. we thank Thee that Thou has become the dictator of the earth through love and that it is "Love and love alone that rules the world." Amen.

FRI. READ LUKE 20:17

THIS summer I traveled through those ancient deposits of the past which are imbedded in stones. The Vermont Marble Co. in Texas has excavated millions of feet of those stones and cut them up into blocks to use for interior walls of modern houses and on those smooth blocks can be seen the imprint of bugs. bees, ferns, sea-animals, bird-tracks which are millions of years old. I also saw another signature of God in the great and beautiful Grand Canvon. I saw God write His name across the skies in lightning strokes and I saw His signature cut by glaciers on smooth stones. God is always writing His signature on the earth, but He wrote His greatest signature in the personality of Jesus Christ who Himself once said: "He that hath seen me hath seen the Father. "What is this then that is written?" The answer is that it is God through Jesus Christ.

Dear Heavenly Father, we thank Thee that Thou has written Thy signature for all of us to see, but that Thou has writ-

ten it most clearly and unmistakably in the life of Jesus the Christ. Amen.

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SAT. CCT. 5 READ PROV. 7:3

AND this week, while we are pondering the manifold ways in which God writes His sayings and His signatures, let us not forget that He writes His signatures on the "Tablets of our hearts" through our instincts and our inner guidance. In Tolstoy's "The Resurrection" the young Russian boy who is the hero of that book suffers a great degeneration of the soul and betrays young Katusha. The author says: "All of this terrible change in his ideals came about because he had taken to believing in others, and ceased to listen to his own conscience, his inner voice, his God." Yes, it is true that God writes His sayings and His signature on our own inner souls so that "He who runs may read" if he will; and he who listens may hear the eternal voice.

Dear God of the eternal silences and revelations, we thank Thee that Thou dost speak to us daily through our inner voices, and that Thou doest tell us what to do and when to do it, if we will hold our hearts as hushed as a harp to the sound of Thy coming. Amen.

SUN. READ HEB, 8:10

THIS week we are thinking in terms of how God writes His signature in the earth and on our hearts. We have noted how He writes His signature on the earth in such beauty spots as the Yosemite. the Grand Canyon, Yellowstone; in sunsets and lightning strokes; in fossil shells. with glacial pens on great smooth rocks; in the still small voice of the inner soul. Our text this morning says: "I will write it in their hearts." Several years ago I wrote a poem entitled "The Autographs of God" and in the last verse I tried to show that God had written His autograph, most clearly of all, when He created man in His own image:

Then to complete creation's span In His own image, God made man. And signed His name, with stroke most sure—

Man is God's greatest signature.

Dear God of all creative effort, we thank Thee this quiet October morning that we human beings were actually created in Thine own image and therefore that we are Thy greatest signature. Teach us never to forget that vital fact as we live Thy life day by day. Amen.

MON. OCT. 7

READ HEB. 2:2

WILBUR CHAPMAN, the great evangelist, once said: "In the British museum there is a piece of stone about the size of a Bible, which is probably five thousand years old, and in the middle of that stone is a bird's footprint. Five thousand years ago, that tiny bird put its foot down lightly on what was then soft sea mud: that mud hardened, and the mark of that bird's footprint has been there ever since. My God is writing all the time, and so are you!" Chapman was right. We are all writing upon the souls of children, of friends, of all those with whom we come in contact every day and hour of our lives, especially parents, teachers, preachers and doctors. Let us be mighty careful that we write in the soft plastic of the lives of humanity, such things as will look well, fifty, five hundred, five thousand years from now.

Dear Father of all immortal things, help us to "write the vision" that we see and "make it plain" that we have seen it and lived it in Thy name. Amen.

TUES. OCT. 8

READ JOB 19:23

DOWN in the Southland where I spent eight weeks this summer speaking to great gatherings of ministers, I heard a Negro group singing an old spiritual:

He sees all we do. He hears all we say,

My God's a-writin' all de time.

I sat on the platform of that great auditorium listening to the beautiful, sincere and earnest voices of those Negroes and a chill went through my soul; also a thrill, as I heard that last line: "My God's a-writin' all de time." My mind immediately ran to the text of this morning: "Oh that my words were written." Job needn't have made that plaintive cry, for his words were written. Indeed all of our words are written in the Lamb's Books of Life: every thought we think, every word we say; every deed we do. They are written with a pen of iron and the point of a diamond" on human hearts.

Dear Father of all immortality, Thou who livest in Time but are the great Immortal, it gives us pause when we think that Thou art writing all the time.

WED. OCT. 9

READ JOHN 19:22

ONE of my good friends, Margaret Winter Brown, recently said: "The past (Continued on page 70)



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THE JEWS OF EUROPE

An Eye-Witness Account
By Rev. Jacob Peltz



The Rev. Jacob Poltz

Having just returned from a three-months' relief and preaching mission in Europe and the British Isles, I have seen distress and hunger, especially in Hungary, on an appalling scale. I have talked to Jews and Jewish Christians who returned from concentration camps, slave labor, or hiding. Some of these individuals were the only survivors of families of fif-

teen, twenty and twenty-five persons, all of whom were exterminated. Never before have I seen so many broken, despairing Jews reaching out for the comfort I had to offer in the Gospel and love of our Lord Jesus Christ.

It was a joy to see poverty-stricken Hebrew Christians wearing clothing which we had sent them and many spreading a table with the very food we had consigned from Chicago. I was told that were it not for such ministrations of relief we had rendered, many would have despaired and starved.

We must help these Hebrew Christians now with food, clothing and other forms of relief.

\$5.00 will pay for a food packet.

\$10.00 per month will support one of our Hebrew Christians in Hungary.

\$50.00 will pay for a one month period of rest and rehabilitation in Switzerland of one of our Hebrew Christian missionaries in Germany.

Your gift will be a powerful testimony of a living, loving Saviour to the despairing brethren of our Lord.

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SUNDAY SCHOOL LESSONS

BASED ON THE INTERNATIONAL UNIFORM LESSONS

By Amos John Traver



OCT. 6th

PAUL'S BACKGROUND AND EARLY YEARS

ACTS 21:39; 22:3, 27-28; 26:4-5; PHILIPPIANS 3:5-6

FOR the next three months we will be learning to know this man Paul. We owe him much. We are Christians because of his missionary zeal. Without him we would not understand Christ or know His place in our lives. Quite naturally we must begin with the early years of Paul, for the early years of any man's life have much to do with his character and career.

Aside from the incidental references in Paul's letters, Luke tells us most about him. Acts is a history of the founding of the Church. The first eight chapters are devoted mainly to Peter and the remainder are about Paul. Luke was a "fellow traveler" with Paul and in chapters sixteen and twenty-one to twenty-eight, he writes as an eyewitness. If we piece together all the references to Paul we are still in the dark as to the first few years of his life and the last two which were to end in martyrdom.

We do know enough to recast his early years with some degree of accuracy. He was born in Tarsus about the time of Jesus' birth. Tarsus was a prosperous city in Cilicia, Asia Minor. It was a busy port, on a much-traveled caravan route, a center of lumbering and weaving. His family belonged to the Jewish colony there and probably had wealth and position. Since he learned tentmaking, he would be following the custom of Jewish families, no matter how wealthy, in learning a trade.

Tarsus was a university town. We do not know whether Paul was a student there. We may be sure that he was educated in the Scriptures and showed enough ability to deserve a place in the school of Gamaliel at Jerusalem. Gamaliel was a great teacher, with much more tolerance than was usually found among the Pharisees. There Paul would spend much time in memorizing the Scriptures and the comments upon them by the sages. He would be trained in discussion, he would learn to face a rapid-fire of questions in debate, and acquire a deep loyalty to his nation and its faith.

His city birth and upbringing made him at home with all kinds of people. He loved cities and his name is associated with the greatest cities of his age: Antioch, Ephesus, Athens, Corinth, Rome. His Roman citizenship was a proud possession, not bought, but inherited. Jesus was a countryman, at home in the fields and mountains. Paul was a city-man, witnessing Christ in the centers of population.

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His religious training made him one with the intolerant Pharisees in hatred of Jesus. He was a young man of convictions. Until he was converted, those convictions were built on pride and prejudice. Perhaps the more careful leaders of his people used him, as many another sincere youth has been used, to be the spearhead of their attack on the infant Church. Perhaps, too, the fact that he had been out of Jerusalem during the days when Jesus lived and died there, made him even more open to prejudice against Him.

So his early years end with a picture of an honest, earnest young man, mentally alert, zealously patriotic, intensely religious, proud, persistent and fearless—the fiery persecutor of Christians. What a change awaits him on the Damascus road!

Questions

Recall some of the references, in Paul's speaking and writing, to his experience as a city youth. What makes this important to his work as a missionary?

What were the special privileges of Roman citizenship?

If the Gospels were written after Paul's writings, where did he secure his knowledge of Christ?

OCT.

PAUL'S CONVERSION TO CHRIST

ACTS 26:9-18; I CORINTHIANS 15:8-10

THERE IS nothing more dangerous than a good man with stubborn prejudices and the power to enforce them upon others. Saul of Tarsus believed with all he had that Christianity was fatal to the prospects of his nation, and blasphemou to his religion. He was one with persecutors through all history, including those who seek to force political doctrines upon unwilling people. Why will not the world learn that faith cannot be forced? It must be freely accepted. Why do men still fear freedom of thought?

Something happened to Saul as he led the attack upon the infant Church. Perhaps it was the stoning of Stephen that first began to shake the assurance with which he was hunting Christians. He did not lift a stone to strike Stephen down. He did "consent" to his death, agree that it was necessary. He watched the discarded robes of those who hurled the stones. He must have been amazed at Stephen's bravery. He must have secretly envied his faith. Surely he must have been touched by his prayer for those who slew him.

Like a man caught in a mighty river current, he was swept on from city to city, redoubling his efforts against the Christians. We may be sure that the elders who were using him did not give him opportunity to think things through. Their flattery would be pleasant to this proud young Hebrew. He could feel himself to be a heroic defender of the faith. Yet increasingly his heart was not in the cruel business.

Then came the commission to go to Damascus and root out the Christians in that great city. It was a long journey. Saul woud have time to think. References to Isaiah 53 and other passages from his Scriptures would flash into his mind as he had heard Stephen and other Christians interpret them. Then he met Christ.

LIKE AN OX kicking against the goad, the more he kicked the more he was pricked. His doubts suddenly came to be unbearable and the Lord he was persecuting swept them away in one glorious revelation. This was more than a climax to the forces working within him to change his mind. It recognized and used them. In years to come Paul staked his life on the reality of his vision. He knew he had seen the Lord.

Saul was reborn into Paul that day. He became a new man in Christ. This is conversion. His whole basis of thinking and living was changed by this experience. Everything he had held worthwhile now lost its value. Pride of race, of position, of religion, all faded in a full surrender to the Jesus he had persecuted. For the rest of his life, "to live is Christ."

We use the word "conversion" far too lightly in our modern Church. We count those who have walked a sawdust trail to the mourner's bench, or who have been added to our church-rolls by more constructive methods of educational evangelism and are satisfied. Are they changed? Is Christ eternally first in their lives?

Stories from our overseas missions should shame us. There was the young man of whom Harold Begbee told, rich, a Brahman, who came into a Salvation Army meeting in India. There he met Christ in his way and went out to sell all for his new Master. It meant all—his wealth, his friends, his family. He even watched from a distance as funeral ceremonies were held for him. He came back, at last, to say, "If my own mother should meet me on the street she would show no sign of recognition. I have sold all. But I have Christ." And ineffable joy shone in his face. (Continued on next page)



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Only one force can ever make this world one. It is the same force that changed Saul into Paul. It can change men of evil will into men of good will. "The love of Christ constrains."

Questions:

If we do not have visions like that of Paul, how do we recognize Christ in our way?

Do we make the way too easy into church membership? Are we reaching both mind and heart? Discuss.

OCT. 20th PAUL BEGINS HIS MINISTRY

ACTS 9:19-22; 11:25, 26;

GALATIANS 1:17-24

PAUL set out for Damascus and to Damascus he came. A lesser man might have run away from certain danger. How completely he had surrendered to his new-found Lord! These were his orders: "to go into the city" and there await further instructions. He was blind, helpless, humbled. The same Christ whose grace had won him prepared a kindly welcome for him through Ananias. More, his sight was restored as he made his confession before Ananias. And he was introduced to the little group of Christians he had come to destroy.

No wonder they were "amazed" as they heard his witness. What of the Jewish leaders with whom he had been sent to work? They were amazed too, but also outraged and plotted his death. The hunter had now become the hunted. The proud inquisitor found himself in a basket being let down from a window in the walls of Damascus. The hands that held the rope were Christian hands. Paul was one of them now.

There is some uncertainty as to the order of events in Paul's life at this time. Did he preach Christ before the Jewish people of Damascus first and then go into Arabia? The account in Acts seems to indicate this. Or did he go first into retirement for a three-year re-study of his faith? This passage in Galatians, probably does not intend to give the whole story. The important thing is that before returning to Jerusalem he spent three years in retirement. Perhaps he studied in the shadow of Mt. Sinai where the memories of Moses and Elijah would surround him.

Let those who have met the Lord in the way remember that it is not enough to witness that which Christ has done in them, but it is also necessary to understand who Christ is and why He lived and died and arose again. To preach Christ required both conviction and understanding. Paul offers no excuse for hurried training for the ministry.

NEXT PAUL is at Jerusalem and there he fell into the hands of a great, generous Christian named Barnabas. Barnabas became sponsor for him among the Christians and with his reputation he needed

such a sponsor. He was accepted among the Christians and boldly preached to all who would listen. Quite naturally his former associates sought his life and he was again spirited away, this time to Cæsarea, and from there he went to Tarsus.

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In his home city Paul must have become quite impatient to begin a ministry to which he was sure he had been called. It was a time of soul testing. There was opportunity to witness among his neighbors but "the world was his parish." A very important change had to come in the Christian Church before he would be free to undertake his mission. Christianity must be freed from shackles of race and nationality. The vision of Peter and the baptism of Cornelius and his family opened the door to the Gentiles. (Acts 9:32; 10:48)

For seven or eight years little is heard of Paul after his visit to Jerusalem. Then Barnabas, finding the Christian community in Antioch, Syria, growing rapidly and in need of leadership, sent to Tarsus for Paul. The Gentiles were flocking into the Church and Paul was prepared to lead in their reception. These converts of Paul were first called "Christians," a name that has been honorable above all names since. Antioch now became the center of the Christian movement displacing Jerusalem. And Paul became the most influential Christian leader. He was accepted as one of the apostles, as surely called by Christ as Peter, John and the

Questions:

What answer can you give to those who say that theology kills religion? What did the theology of Paul add to the Gospels?

A pastor told the young woman who wanted to go to China, "First, win your brother and sister at home." Was this required of Paul?

OCT. 27th PAUL'S MISSION IN ASIA MINOR

ACTS 13:1-5, 13-14, 44-46, 48-49; 14:26-27.

PAUL had been "trying his wings" in Antioch, Syria. His success in winning Gentiles to Christ pointed the way to his first missionary journey. This expedition, too, would be a wing-trying mission. He was learning the technique of missions. While learning he was also winning hundreds from Judaism and heathenism to Christianity.

The solemn commissioning service setting apart Paul and Barnabas is a necessary beginning. It was no mere formality of ceremony, but a deeply moving spiritual experience. Not only the mind but the heart must be dedicated. Men must be convinced by reason, but also won by love. The missionaries of 1946 will fail in spite of the wide open doors, unless spiritually set apart for their task.

Paul and Barnabas with young John

Mark. Barnabas' nephew, moved on to the seaport Seleucia and sailed to the island of Cyprus. They disembarked at Salamis. Then they moved the length of Cyprus to Paphos. Here the proconsul was under the influence of a quack magician, Elymas. Paul takes the lead from Barnabas in dealing with Elymas, striking him blind, winning the proconsul to Christ and founding a Church. Hereafter Barnabas could echo the words of John the Baptist: "He must increase and I must decrease." It takes a great heart for Barnabas to give way to his younger brother Paul. Perhaps it was too much for the nephew, for John Mark soon left

FROM PAPHOS they sailed to Perga in Pamphilia and journeyed inland for a hundred miles to Antioch in Pisidia. The method of their mission is given in detail in Acts 13. They entered as humble unnoticed workmen. They followed their trade winning by personal evangelism. On the Sabbath they went to the synagogue. Then, as in a Quaker meeting, opportunity was offered to any to make comments on the lesson. This was Paul's opportunity and they would recognize immediately that it was a well-trained rabbi who spoke to them. Beginning with that which they all accepted, he would show how Jesus Christ climaxed their history and their faith. News of his sermon would insure a crowded synagogue the next Sabbath. Even Gentiles would crowd in to hear him. At first the Jewish leaders would not realize the full import of his gospel. Particularly his invitation to the Gentiles would puzzle them. Then opposition would be stirred up and persecution follow. The seed was sown and a new Church was founded.

On they went to Iconium and threatened with stoning moved on to Lystra and Derbe in Lycaonia. At Lystra Paul healed a cripple and the heathen hailed the two apostles as reincarnations of Zeus and Hermes. Opposition followed them from Antioch and Iconium and this time Paul was stoned and left for dead. He was not to be martyred vet and moved on through Pisidia to Pamphilia, and again to Perga, strengthening the faith of those he had won on his former visit. Then on to Attalia, from which port they sailed back to Antioch in Syria. Paul's first missionary journey was over and his mission to the Gentiles proved.

What a service of rejoicing they must have held! We too, most of us the fruits of Gentile conversions, could well join in their songs and prayers of thanks. Now it was established that "It was the good pleasure of God . . to reveal His Son in me, (Paul) that I might preach Him among the Gentiles."

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From Paul's experience as a missionary, what is the importance of knowing the religious background of those we seek to

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win? How is this applied in modern missions?

Livingston said, "Don't talk to me of sacrifice" when they sought to win him from his African mission. How did Paul feel about the price he was paying for preaching Christ? Should we revise our understanding of sacrifice?

DAILY MEDITATIONS

(Continued from page 65)

is irrevocable. The book of your life cannot be revised. Forever it is written upon the pages of your memory. As you turn the pages what do you read? Some pages bring a warm glow to your heart, some are black and you blush with shame as you read. You long to snatch them from the book of life but they are bound inseparably into that book with all of the other pages. You would erase them but they are written with indelible ink. What you have written you have written."

Dear God of the Universe, we thank Thee that we now understand that. "What I have written, I have written," and that that not only means what Thou hast written but what we have written in human life. Teach us to write our lives carefully and prayerfully! Amen.

THURS. OCT. 10 READ II COR. 3:2

WHILE we are talking this week about writings, let us not forget that "Ye are our epistles written in our hearts." One great writer of ancient days once said: "God has a book in which is written the ideal history of every man, his biography as it would have been written had the man's step been ordered by the Lord; and another book in which is written the actual history of every man. What a hallowed and beautiful path is traced in the one; what honorable and glorious victories; what nobleness in enterprise; what steadfastness under difficulties, what kindness, what service! In comparison, behold the actual life portrayed in the other book. How mean! How disordered! Suppose the book of your ideal biography should drop from Heaven on your path-you with your gross and worldly heart, take it up and look at it. What a shock that would be to you!"

Dear God of all life, love and laughter, we thank Thee that "Ye are our epistles written in our hearts," has given us pause this morning as we meditate on life and our lives and on Thee! Amen,

FRI. READ EZEK. 2:10

WE ARE now in mid-October, the very time when the glorious foliage of this nation is in its full panorama of beauty; when the colorings of autumn are running in at full tide; when "The glory that the wood received at sunset in its brazen leaves" is at its supreme best. And, since we are talking about God's writing and God's signature, we would not, this week, be stretching the symbolism by calling attention to the fact that one of God's signatures, and a book of His writings are found in the autumnal foliage; for God is all-color and all-beauty. The beauty of earth, field, hill and sky was originally born in His heart. He is Beauty. It is because He is Beauty that there is beauty both within us and out. side of us in the universe. That is what our text says this morning. It speaks of a beauty that is written within and without.

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Dear Father of all color, beauty and wonder in the world, we thank Thee for the sunsets and the autumnal foliage of life; for the beauty without, which inspires and writes a beauty within our worshiping souls. Amen.

THIS is our week for thinking on the handwriting, the signatures and the writings of God, and, in that connection, I want to set down two verses of a little poem of my own which I call: "I Like to Go to School to God":

"His books are beds of slate and coal; His manuscripts are redwood trees; Volcanoes punctuate the tale, and turn the pages of the seas! I like to go to school to God, Because it always seems to me, He talks in every breeze that blows; Through every bird and rock and tree.' We feel that way particularly in these autumnal days of beauty and color. Our text for this day sings it beautifully: "I will write upon him the name of my God and the name of the city of my God which is the new Jerusalem which cometh down out of Heaven from my God; and I will write upon him my new name."

Dear God of all beauty in October days, we thank Thee that, on a hundred crimson days in October we have seen the New Jerusalem in Thy skies and we have had Thy name written in our hearts in reverence and worship. Amen.

SUN. READ EX. 31:18

PERHAPS this morning's devotional text is the most dramatic of all the stories of the signatures and autographs of God. In Cecil de Mille's motion picture, "The Ten Commandments," we shall never forget the opening scenes where we saw Moses high on Mt. Sinai while a thunderstorm rolled from cliff to cliff, and with each stroke of lightning, God sent a flash against the granite cliffs which spelled out each one of the Ten Commandments. Perhaps no more imaginative interpretation of the actual revelation of how the Ten Commandments were revealed to Moses was ever given to humanity. It was a reasonable

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and a dramatic picture we saw, for divine revelations do come in that natural way. With each flash of lightning there was burned into the cliff of Sinai the Ten Commandments. "And He gave unto Moses two tables of testimony, tables of stone, written with the finger

Dear God of all revelations, wonders and signs; we thank Thee that Thou didst write on tablets of stone, Thine own revelations for humanity and that Thou doest also write Thy truth on the tablets of our hearts in these meditation hours. Amen.

MON. OCT. 14

READ PS. 34:1

MY DEAREST friend, Bishop William A. Quayle once wrote out in his own hand one of his little, devotional verses based on the 96th Psalm: "I am going on my journey glad with joy from dawn to dark, With the spirit of the morning and the carol of the lark. I am drinking of those fountains whence the healing waters flow, And I hear Heaven's sweetest music as along my way I go. And my heart is full of laughter like the singing of a psalm; And my sky bends blue above me with its winds of evening balm, And I know not any trouble: for I have the Tempest's King To change my winter's fury to the gladness of His Spring." Even now as I sit here in my study, I can hear the great bishop's voice as he adds to his immortal poem the words of our meditation thought: "I will bless the Lord at all times."

Dear God of joy and tragedy, of loneliness and heartache, of sunshine and storm, of tempest and rain, of mountain peaks and flowers, of crimson and golden leaves, of autumnal loneliness and October beauty; we thank Thee and bless Thee at all times. Amen.

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READ PRO. 30:4

DR. J. R. MILLER, a great spirituallyminded writer of my boyhood, once gave us a dialogue between a physician and one of his patients which I have never forgotten; and it applies to this day as well as to that long-ago day.

"I simply don't know what to do with myself when the wind blows from the east," said a nervous invalid. "Well, you can't stop the wind," replied the practical physician, "but you surely can get into a cozy south room as far away from it as possible, and find some pleasant employment." This simple advice is as good for the soul as for the body. There are east winds of gloom and unrest that will not down at anybody's mere wish or command, but we can learn to retreat gracefully into some south room of faith, some cozy corner of trust, some quiet nook of meditation, some church or chapel of worship, until they pass. Let

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It is our fault as citizens, not Congress' fault, that we have moved so far into pagan, stateist patterns of controls. It will be our fault if we do not reverse the trend before it reaches the totalitarian level.

We shall get what we deserve, be it slavery or Freedom, measured by our willingness to accept responsibility and carry it with integrity and honor. The peril of what Paul Hutchinson calls the "mortal God state" is already upon us. Only courageous people can be free men!

The democratic process, constitutional government, and the basic freedoms are costly in responsibility but upon them depend the things that matter most in life. Communism, socialism, fascism, or stateism cannot take root in a society of responsible

Christian ministers have special responsibilities and special opportunities to cham-pion Freedom; capital F. Freedom, root Freedom, and spiritual Freedom—the firstcause Freedom on which all small letter freedoms must depend. Each of us must make this matter of Freedom our personal responsibility.

Are you interested in receiving our regular bulletins? In a personal visit with one of our representatives? In having literature to distribute to your parish? Would you like Dr. Paul Hutchinson's book "The New Leviathan"? Let us hear from you!

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this daily communion be such a room when an east wind blows.

Dear God of the universe, we thank Thee that Thou doest hold the winds in Thy fists and that whatever winds that blow are good winds to those of us who know that fact. Amen.

WED. READ LUKE 11:1 OCT. 16

MY LONG-TIME friend, with whom I used to spend pleasant and spiritual weeks in summer camps, Dr. S. D. Gordon, once said in my hearing, speaking of the time and places that Jesus had His quiet talks, His meditations, and His prayer periods, put it this way: "Jesus prayed in all kinds of places, in public and in private. He prayed in the marketplace, the temple, on the mountains and in the desert, beside the Jordan River and in green pastures. He was always conscious of His Father's presence and the most natural thing for Him was to talk to His Father. They were always within speaking distance of each other and Christ was always aware of His Father's presence; even on Calvary's Cross. Christ was ever aware of God!"

Dear Father who art always listening for our voices, teach us to pray and give us an acute awareness of Thy listening heart as we pray. Amen.

THURS. READ MARK 1:35 OCT. 17

HERE is a beautiful verse from an unknown poet which I found in my Scotch mother's old celluloid-backed scrap book and which I pass on to my meditation readers for this morning's thought in connection with a word from Mark as to when and where Jesus Himself prayed:

Oh, Lord by whom we come to God, The Life, the Truth, the Way,

The path of prayer Thyself hath trod, Lord teach us how to pray.

Perhaps the answer comes in a little poem by Edwin Markham, which suggests to us how to pray: "Teach me, Father, how to go, softly as the grasses grow; Let the dry heart fill its cup, like a poppy looking up; Teach me Father how to be, kind and patient as a tree." In those couplets taken from Markham's "A Prayer," we have the secret of the listening heart in meditation. Prayer is as simple as a "poppy looking up.

Oh, Thou ever-eager listening Father heart, we thank Thee that Thou art as gentle with us in answering our prayers as Thou art in sending rain and dew to answer the need of a wild golden poppy in a field which is thirsty for water. Amen.

FRI. READ LUKE 6:12 OCT. 18

IT SO happens that in this week's Medi-

tations, we are studying the prayer life of Jesus Himself and in this morning's text we see that "He went out into a mountain to pray and continued all night in prayer to God." What a challenging example that is of earnest devotion in prayer; continuing "all night." Most of us think we have done something when we set aside a few swift, fleeting moments even for these meditations; but Jesus "continued all night in prayer." This is a hurrying, busy, crowded life we live, but, after all, these are eternal souls we are trying to develop, and eternity is a long, long time. Perhaps we would be wiser if we devoted more time to prayer in order to develop more spiritual souls, so that we might get ourselves ready to be "citizens of eternity."

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Dear God of all time, Thou eternal Father, teach us the importance of getting our souls ready, through prayer, to dwell with Thee, in eternal reaches.

SAT. READ LUKE 5:16 OCT. 19

AM continually amazed, challenged. and awed by the way, the times, and the places that Jesus prayed. In one text we read of His going to a mountain top, in another of His going to a river side, in another of His going into a meadow, alone, and in this morning's text we read: "And He withdrew Himself into the wilderness and prayed." George Mc-Donald, the great Scot preacher, once wrote these words: "We doubt the words that tell us: Ask, and ye shall have your prayer; We turn our thoughts as to a task, With will constrained and rare. And yet we have; these scanty prayers Yield gold without alloy; O, God, but he who trusts and dares Must have a boundless joy!"

Our ever listening and heavenly Father, teach us to have great faith when we pray and great expectations in our souls, for Thou art a loving God and Thou wouldst do all things for us if we trust Thee. Amen.

SUN. READ LUKE 3:21 OCT. 20

THIS is our October Week of Prayer and the Scripture of this morning suggests that prayer gets results; and did get results for Jesus, "And, praying, the heaven was opened." My friend, Charles Connick, famed for his stainedglass windows, once made a window interpreting this scene of prayer in Christ's life and, so arranged the brilliant glass that it seemed that a glorious light shone in the face of Christ. He called it "The Love Window." One morning the first violinist of the Boston Symphony came to see the window, and stood before it reverently. Mr. Connick

went into his studio, saw the violinist standing reverently. The musician turned, almost startled and said: "Ah, Monsieur, can it be that you know Brahm's; his first symphony?" "Yes, I love it," replied Mr. Connick. "Can it be that you know then that place where the sky—it opens?" Yes, it is actually true, that, through prayer, the sky opens for the devout soul, as is indicated in this morning's text.

Dear God of all radiance, sunshine, starlight and dawn; we thank Thee that the sky—it does open for us through earnest prayer and that a great radiance is ours if we earnestly, and eagerly seek Thee through prayer. Amen.

MON. OCT. 21

READ LUKE 22:32

ONE of the most effective uses of prayertime that we can make is to pray. not exclusively for ourselves, but for others, and Jesus said to Peter: "But I have prayed for thee that thy faith fail not." One of my good friends, Margaret Winter Brown in her fine book "New Days for Old," says of this phase of Christ's prayer life: "Jesus prayed alone but He also prayed with and for others. He still prays with and for others. Jesus prayed for others, often by name." There is no experience more beautiful in my memory than our family prayertime each morning in our Moundsville, West Virginia, home, when our devout father always took the name of each of us five children to God in prayer, asking that God be with us through that day's vicissitudes, pleasures and pains. All of us children remember that with a holy hush in our hearts.

Dear God of all love and life, teach us to pray; and, what is more, teach us to pray for others as Thy son, Christ did in the long ago when He was here on the earth. Amen.

TUES. OCT. 22

READ LUKE 9:18

HERE is a scene where Jesus takes his disciples with Him in prayer. They not only pray together, but they talk together and Jesus asks them a highly important question: "Whom do people say that I am?" Prayer in groups always leads to beautiful intimacies and to conversations about the spiritual things of life. It would be nice if little groups of those who use these meditations could get together in two's and three's to conduct these worship periods together in group meetings. Jesus and His disciples often did that and great moments came to them through this procedure. "Where two or three are gathered together, there am I in the midst of them.'

Dear God of the listening ear and heart, teach us the eternal truth that "Where two or three are gathered" in Thy name there Thou wilt be also to bless and help. Amen.



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WED. OCT. 23

READ LUKE 10:21

HERE is our picture of Jesus praying and saving to his Heavenly Father, "I thank Thee, O Father, Lord of heaven and earth, that Thou hast hid those things from the wise and prudent, and hast revealed them unto babes." This is a direct promise that the very simple, unaffected, earnest Christians of this earth, those who worship God truly and in faith, will have the revelations of God's truth given unto them. It is not a matter of culture or education in prayer; it is a matter of simple faith and love. Even the most humble of all, even the uneducated, are often the spiritual leaders of a community, a church or a nation. Lincoln was such. Hauptmann, the great German novelist, in "The Fool in Christ" said: "Even people of education, sophistication and culture cannot hold out permanently against any profound conviction, even though that conviction be on the part of a Fool in Christ.'

Dear heavenly Father, we thank Thee that Thou doest often reveal Thy deepest mysteries unto babes and sucklings, unto the lowly and simple of heart, if they trust Thee and love Thee and listen to Thee, Amen.

THURS. COCT. 24 READ JER. 37:17

IS THERE any word from the Lord?" is the question asked here and the answer comes back like a flash: "There is!" And that is always the answer of human experience. He who lives close to God and prays daily and earnestly is sure to have word from God. Henry Ford one day told me how he and Woodrow Wilson had taken a pledge together to read a chapter of the Bible each day. He said that he had kept it up for thirty years and that he understood that President Wilson had also done that to the end of his life. One day this great President said: "I should be afraid to go forward if I did not believe that there was, at the foundation of all our schooling and of all our thought, this unimpeachable and incomparable Word of God. A soul that has been refreshed and made happy early in the morning by prayer and communion with God and His Book, meets the service, trials, and the temptations of the day with a power different from that of one that has had no spiritual preparation." So we who have our daily meditations are in glorious company!

Dear God of all understanding and all strength, we thank Thee that, through our daily meditations, we find comfort, courage, strength and peace of soul. Amen.

FRI. OCT. 25 READ PHIL. 1:6

DR. J. H. JOWETT, the great English

preacher, once said: "He who fashions the seed is also the Lord of the harvest. He creates the first impulse, and He also matures the character. The quickening ministries of the spring are His; His also the ripening ministries of the autumn, He will not leave us in our spiritual babyhood, nor will he make us precociously old. He will perfect us, adding grace and strength to the growing years and 'Everything shall be beautiful in its season.' There shall be fruit every month and that fruit shall be appropriate to our growth. The good Lord who began a work will not leave it imperfect and futile." It is a good thing, in these October days of harvest-time, to read that word from Dr. Jowett in our meditations, for God also is a harvester and a ripener.

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Dear God of all sowings, plantings, and harvestings, we thank Thee in these harvest-times that Thou dost also complete the spiritual growth of life from seed to soul if we but trust Thee and live close to Thee. Amen.

SAT. OCT. 26 READ PHIL. 1:11

NATURALLY in these October harvest days we are thinking in terms of golden wheat, ripening fruit and corn. barns loaded with the products of field and meadow, so our text of this day is appropriate: "Being filled with the fruits of righteousness." Our own Boston preacher, Phillips Brooks, once said: 'The more earnestly you are at work for Jesus, the more you need times when what you are doing for Him passes totally out of your mind, and the only thing worth thinking about seems to be what He is doing for you. That is the real meaning of the days of discouragement and self-contempt which come to us all." What Brooks meant is that the fruitage of trouble is often serenity of soul and peace of mind, humility and devotion. Another great spiritual leader, Frederick Bonar said: "God knows best how to ripen a soul for His own presence in glory and how to teach that soul how to bear fruit fit for the heavenly harvesting."

Dear Father of all fruitions and gleaner of all spiritual glories, we thank Thee that thou hast taught us that the harvest is Thine. Amen.

SUN. CCT. 27 READ ISA. 9:3

"ACCORDING to the joy in harvest," is the heart of this day's Scripture guide. Harvest-time is always a time of a sense of security with the barns and bins full; the granaries overflowing, the silos bulging with the fruit of the wide fields. The farmer knows what security and contentment is at that particular time. The Bible is full of figures of speech and

symbolic utterances, which teach great spiritual truths through the literary device of the harvest. A whole book could be written on the figures of speech to teach spiritual truths which come from the harvest. So, in this harvesting time, let us turn our hearts to God in prayer and meditation and learn what the Spiritual harvests of life may be. Yes, life can be beautiful and the harvestings of life full of contentment and security if we live close to God in prayer, allowing the spiritual fruitage to ripen gradually through day-by-day cultivation.

Dear God of all fields, meadows, rivers and orchards, flower gardens and spiritual cultivation, we thank Thee that if we plant the spiritual seed in our souls Thou wilt bring it to ultimate harvest.

Amen.

MON. OCT. 28 READ PHIL. 4:6, 7

HAVE a fine Jewish friend in Boston, a rabbi named Joshua Loth Liebman and a year ago he wrote a timely book entitled "Peace of Mind." Because the American public was fed up with the uncertainties of war, the turmoil and turbulence, it took to that book and it has been a best-seller most of the last six months, especially in Boston. In fact the whole world is looking for what Josh Liebman has put into that book. That has always been the eager quest of humanity. That is one vital reason why the Christian Herald devotes so much space to a feature of this type, a devotional and meditation section. It is because the wise editors know that ninety percent of the people can find peace of mind in worship and prayer. As one of my writer-friends puts it: "Anxious for no-thing, prayerful for every-thing, and thankful for any-thing."

Dear God of all peace and plenty; Thou who didst give Thy son, Jesus, the power to still the stormtossed, turbulent tumultuous waves of Galilee, come Thou into our hearts and give us Thy peace

of mind. Amen.

TUES. OCT. 29

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READ PS. 62:8

GRACE E. CREIGHTON once wrote a simple little verse which runs as follows: "Let go, let God His holy will obey; Let go, let God, He is the perfect way. He ever waits to help you, So give Him full control, let go, let God, And life will be made whole." The great hunger of the human heart these days is for something that will help us to "Be anxious for nothing." The answer is in our text of today, in the simple verse by Grace Creighton and in these lines: "Trust Him when dark doubts assail thee, Trust Him when thy strength is small, Trust Him when, to simply trust Him, Seems the hardest thing of all. Trust Him, He is always faithful: Trust Him, for His will is best; Trust Him, for





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the heart of Jesus Is the only place to rest.'

Dear Father of all peaceful, serene things: sunrises, twilight skies, the reflection of the moon and stars in quiet waters; Father of all serenities of soul, we lift our prayer for peace and quiet unto Thee for this day. Amen.

WED. OCT. 30

READ PSALMS 71:1-24

IN THEE, O Lord, do I put my trust." This is the first sentence of this great and comforting text for this morning. The heart of the whole chapter is in those nine simple words; here are all the law and the prophets. However, I would advise a reading of that whole glorious chapter as a start for this day. I think that I have never passed through such a restless period of time as the months since the war ceased. It is like a great storm on the seas. The sun may be out, and the skies blue; we may all have come up on deck after having been driven to our staterooms during the storm; but the ship is still being tossed about by the aftermath of the world storm of war which has been raging for ten years. Storms do not die down in a few days or weeks or years, even. However, if, through these turbulent days we listen to God's voice and say to Him, earnestly and sincerely, "In Thee, O Lord, do I put my trust," nothing will dismay us.

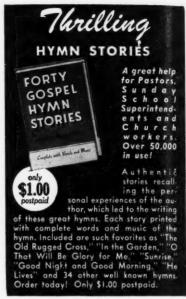
Dear God of all calms and all peace on sea and sky and soul; we thank Thee that Thou art the source of all of our hope, and faith and peace this day and on all storm tossed days. Amen.

THURS. OCT. 31

READ EPH. 3:19

FOR years I have had a phrase which I call "Preaching out of the overflow." I even wrote a book about it to set forth my own philosophy of preaching. My idea is that truly great preaching comes out of a life which is lived so largely, so richly and so beautifully, that sermons and service and spiritual power literally bubble up and flow forth from that life like Old Faithful in the Yellowstone. It overflows because it has so much down there that it cannot be contained and must overflow. Therefore I was greatly pleased to read what Dr. S. D. Gordon once said of the spiritual life: "It is only the overflow from the fullness within our lives that brings refreshment to anyone else." Out of such experiences as our meditations and worship each day comes the spiritual overflow of God which refreshes and enriches not only our own lives, but the lives of others.

Dear Father of all full-running and overflowing streams, of all clouds bursting with rain, of all black. rich soil ready to overflow a harvest, we thank Thee that Thou art also the source of all spiritual overflowing in life. Amen.



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A MAN TO REMEMBER

(Continued from page 63)

hubby might like a few for supper. It's been a fine year for strawberries." It wasn't the gift so much as the way he gave that made you accept in the manner it was given, with a certain magnificence of gesture.

He would sit out under the tree at noon and eat his lunch. He would take off his cap and bare his head to the coolness. It seemed as though he relaxed more completely than anyone I had ever seen. He did not sprawl, but sat easily in a chair. You felt as though he were untying his tired muscles, as if his body were drinking in these few moments of quiet. You felt also as though he were communing with himself, remembering, planning, contemplating. While his body enjoyed a rest, his mind was swinging out and up.

We have a two-year-old daughter who watched with childish curiosity every move he made upon the ladders and who chattered all day to him when he was in sight. He never passed her on his way to the garage to get more paint that he didn't say "Hello," that he did not carry on some sort of conversation with her. He did not need to stop; it was the mere fact that he recognized her, for to her he must have been some sort of God as he walked catlike upon the roof, as his long ladders climbed the side of the house, as his brush transformed dullness into beauty. Yes, he had time to say "Hello" to a child, time to pat "Teddy" on the head. Yet, I never saw a workman work more steadily, accomplish more in a day than he did.

He was painting the porch one morning when the mailman arrived. After he had gone, our friend said, "Folks in town don't appreciate the mailman. When I was homesteading in British Columbia, I used to ride twenty-seven miles each way to get my mail. I never go to my mailbox now that I don't think of that." He paused. "A few hardships never hurt anyone—they just kind of make you appreciate what you finally receive the

more."

Since he took only about twenty minutes for lunch, he would often pause in mid-afternoon for a few moments to wipe his brow, to survey his work and to talk. It was in these unhurried short chats that I learned more of the manof his accomplishments, of his hopes, of his philosophy. He told me of the twenty years he had spent in British Columbia, where as a young man he had arrived with fifty cents in his pocket. With sweat, an iron will, and the friendships he made he soon became the owner of four hundred head of cattle. He told me of the beauty of the western country, of the round-up season, of the loghouse he had built for himself, of the shepherd collie who was his sole companion. He talked poetry when he spoke of the warm green meadows, the clear cool streams,

Are you in the know?



When you don't know the routine, would you -

- ☐ Try it anyway
- ☐ Say your feet hurt
- ☐ 'Fess up frankly

Why lumber through a rumba—or spoil a jitt-bug's "shine?" If you aren't hep to the step, say so. 'Fess up frankly. Droons

rush in where smoothies fear to tread. But at "certain" times, there's one fear a smooth girl can forget (with Kotex): the fear of telltale outlines. That's because Kotex has flat tapered ends that prevent revealing outlines. And you can dance the hours away in comfort, for Kotex is made to stay soft while wearing.



For camouflaging freckles, do you-

- ☐ Take the cake
- ☐ Apply lemon juice
- ☐ Wear a dotted veil

Freckle-heckled? To camouflage the summer's sun spots—take the cake (makeup, that is) and apply with wet sponge. Blot surplus with a Kleenex tissue; blend well with fingertips while damp. Then let dry—and you've got 'em covered! It's easy, when you know how. Like keeping dainty on problem days. You'll know how to stay dainty, charming, when you let Kotex help. Each Kotex napkin contains a deodorant—locked inside so it can't shake out!



How would you give your order?

- ☐ To the waiter
- ☐ To your escort
- ☐ Let your date choose your dinner

If you're a menu mumbler—speak up, sis! Choose what appeals to you (without blitzing his allowance), then tell it to your escort; he'll pass it on to the waiter. Be sure of how to order and be safe from embarrassment. That's one for your memory book. It's something to remember, too, when choosing sanitary protection. Choose Kotex, because Kotex has an exclusive safety center that gives you plus protection, keeps you extra safe—and confident!

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MEN and women between these ages are most frequently responsible for the choice of a monument to the memory of a loved one. But which granite? Which design is appropriate? Which is best made? Which dealer to turn to?

There is one sure way to identify a monument of superior quality, design and workmanship, and the dealer who sells it: look for the Barre Guild Seal (shown above) etched inconspicuously on the monument itself and on display in your dealer's showroom.
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carries TRUE CHRIST property of the Christmas season, Designs are an average to the control of the control property of the control of the control of the cards make people and the control of the self-readily at \$1. As Special Sample Offer iders silks box., beautiful all-occasion fold Groups raise funds, agents make the control of 20 Assortments. Property of the control of SHEPHERD'STOWN CARD CO., Shepherdstown, Pa., Box 210

PRODUCT PLANNER

wanted by old established Sunday school supply house to analyze, plan and develop or revise merchandise. Will deal with writers and artists. Must know the Sunday school field. Previous merchandise planning or editorial training desirable. Must locate in Elgin. Give age, education, experience and salary. Reply,

David C. Cook Publishing Co., Illinois and the mountains whose snowy heads touched the clouds.

He had moved about so much that I queried "Don't you find it difficult to get started in business in each new place?"

He seemed surprised at the question. "I can be at work one hour after I arrive in a place. There's always more work in any place than there are painters to do it. People are always decorating, and decorating is good for folks."

The weather never seemed to bother him. In the heat of mid-day he would be painting the chimney. Ask him if it was hot up there, he might agree but would always add, "Ah, but this is my kind of weather." The sweat would be running down his face, his shirt would be wet to his back, but his brush would never stop traveling. He was not the complaining kind.

He rejoiced in his work. No artist of the canvas ever struck off a portrait with more care, more creative zeal than he who painted our house. He loved the tools with which he worked. His ladders he cherished, pointing them out as a "dandy, little ladder." His sixteen-dollar brush he spoke of as a "beauty," and the paint he used was "the best.

When the job was done we said goodby to this man whom we knew we would never see again, for it would be a strange fate indeed that would cause our roads to cross. We realized that this man had within him true greatness, that we had been privileged to know him for a few weeks as a friend-privileged that our house had known his expert hand. We knew that we had known a man about whom no biography would be written, but a man who so touched the heights of greatness that he made those with whom he came in contact good and true and loving

Our life was made infinitely richer through meeting this painter of houses.

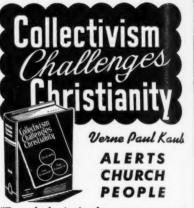
A MESS OF POTTAGE

(Continued from page 18)

received a refrigerator, after the M.C. had sat on her lap and made an utter fool of her. Someone behind me remarked, "Well, she got her refrigerator, but if you ask me, that's getting it the hard way."

The contest winner that day was a young mother whose innocent answers to the M. C.'s questions were turned into the foulest meanings by his adroit twistings. She received her bouquet of roses, the pearls, the clothes and the plane trip she had desired, but her husband and her private life, and her children, had been so ridiculed and vulgarly flaunted, I wondered how that home could ever be the same again. I know, had I been her husband, I would have walked up to the master of ceremonies, jammed the bouquet down his throat and punched him in the nose with everything I had.

When the show was over, the let-



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"From the beginning free government and free enterprise have been dependent on Christianity." says author Kaub. Christian principles out of free government and it would be free no longer but autocratic and totalitarian; take Christian principles out of free enterprise and it would be free no longer but something like the law of the jungle!"

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opportunity and responsibility to awaken
freedom-loving people,
to belt from you'd the

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CHRISTIAN GREETING CARDS

down which swept over the crowd was akin to the feeling you get from a crowd around a mine disaster or some other sobering, distressing experience. It was far from a healthy, uplifting atmosphere those women carried back into their homes. Most of them had built up hopes of winning something. Most of them were disappointed. Even those who had won some gift had paid dearly for it in humiliation.

When I got home, my son was dejected too. "You weren't even on the

It was a small victory for me. "I told you there would be thousands there. One among thousands. Don't you see how little chance there is of being chosen?" Then I told him of the long waiting, the discomfort, tiredness and disappointment I sensed among the crowd. He was convinced, a little, that not all he heard on the radio was what it appeared to be. But I could not tell him what I really thought about the program.

However, we have never listened to that program since nor bought the products it advertises. Not that either the sponsor or the M. C. care, but I feel better not to allow any part of them into our home. It is natural that we consider the program and the product it advertises as being of the same quality.

My reaction to that show was not an isolated one. I heard many women relate their disgust and among a group of women at our church, who had attended, opinions were voiced which paled my

Radio programs in the evening should be constructed around the family-unit's enjoyment. Listening to them, one wonders what the sponsor's conception of the average American family is?

These programs seem to be divided into three classes: the rapid-fire gag show with singing or music sandwiched in; the murder mystery or crime show; and the quiz or audience-participation show, with the something-for-nothing theme again.

In the humorous (so-called) show, sex is too often the underlying subject. Even some of the bigtime shows seem to feel they have to use off-color material to get laughs. This is surprising for some of the best shows, holding the highest listener ratings, never resort to anything objectionable.

Nothing need be said about the undesirability of allowing murder and crime to come into our homes. If such a character as is portrayed in these stories attempted to enter our houses, we would frantically call the police. Yet, we turn on the radio, inviting them in to share our dinner with us, accept them as fit companions while we relax in the living room at the end of the day.

Most parents try to teach their children never to ridicule or laugh at another's mistakes or embarrassment, yet some programs reverse that attitude and



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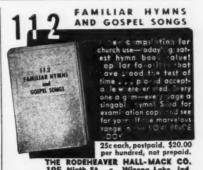
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make it not only proper, but the height of amusement to laugh at other's discomfort. Too, they disregard the privacy of people not participating, or even interested, in their programs. I recall that on one of these programs a participant was sent to a stranger's house to search in the closets and under the bed for a

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How would I have felt if a stranger had walked into our house with no explanation, peered under our beds and into our closets? What an opportunity such programs give a burglar or kidnapper to walk into our homes and carry off anything they wish while we may assume he is on a silly search for a silly radio program! If we refused to let him in, we are in danger of coast-to-coast ridicule for being a "bad sport," and old "grouch," or being "stuffy."

Children's programs are in a field of their own. In spite of their blood-andthunder plots, they are less apt to be dangerous to their listeners than adult radio fare, it is believed. Children know their stories are make-believe and put them in their place while they are prone to accept the adult murder play seri-

ously.

It has been argued, in defense of these children's programs, that children have great imagination and that if they did not hear such adventure stories over the radio, they would devise similar fiction in their own minds; and that the escapades of the modern children's radio programs are no worse than the fairy tales other generations grew up on. I might admit that Superman, in his fight against racial intolerance, has something in his favor over the evildoers and wicked stepmothers in the old fairy tales.

Without doubt, Smilin' Ed McConnell's Saturday morning half hour is one of the best on the air. His programs are well planned, have variety, a good story of bravery and moral victory, and, best of all, he always ends the program with, "Remember to go to Sunday school tomorrow.'

We could use more Ed McConnellsit would be good to hear some Saturday evening program sign off with a similar reminder to adult listeners!

The chief objection to children's programs, I believe, is that so many of them instill that something-for-nothing idea. It seems very unfair to play upon a child's desire and earnest trustfulness to sell a product. Obviously, breakfast cereal manufacturers have found it most profitable. They know how hard it is for a mother to say "no" to her youngster and disappoint him after his appetite has been whetted for some special "codegraph" or badge or other gadget that has been blown up by the announcer as being so important the boy's life won't be worth living among the rest of the kids if he doesn't "send for it today."

How many millions of boxes of cereals have been sold by this method, and how

many boxes thrown out because the family just couldn't stomach it any longer, only we mothers know.

My younger son observed one morning over a favorite breakfast food (which is not radio advertised), "How come good things like this don't have prizes in them?"

His older brother declared, from the wisdom of his eleven years, "That's easy. If it's good they don't have to advertise prizes to get you to buy it. They just do that for stuff they can't get you to buy any other way.'

Which might be a good thing for all of us to remember when we feel influenced by something-for-nothing ad-

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A great deal may be said about offensive radio advertising, stupid jingles, monotonous repetitions, exaggerated claims, the annoyance of breaking into programs with plugs for remedies to cure ailments we wouldn't discuss in our own family groups, yet there they are, thrown upon our unwilling ears, at mealtime, anytime, interrupting whatever we may be discussing or enjoying with family or friends.

Far too little is said in favor of good programs. What a wealth of information radio could give us in the field of history, of science, of better understanding of people of other countries. The talent of radio writers could be used to make such programs highly entertaining -as dramatic, as humorous and even more interesting than what we hear now. I talked with a representative of one sponsor about their daytime serials. He said when they had, at various times, tried dropping some of the sob-dramas. radio stations were swamped with protests. "People must want them," he defended.

"But," I objected, "I can't think of a person I know who really likes them. They listen because there is nothing better and they get into a habit, but they all make fun of them. Don't you think more could be done for your product by giving us entertainment of a better quality?"

He smiled at me. "Apparently the right kind of people don't write in."

If enough people complained about what they do not like, and were as quick to applaud constructive, informative and really wholesome programs, sponsors would follow the trend. After all, it is their business to please the most people, most of the time. Unless you let them know your preferences, they jog along in the same old pattern, assuming you

It is time our radio broadcasting came of age, but until it does (and we help it by voicing our protests and plaudits to the stations and the sponsors), we can learn to be discriminating. We can be alert to the dangers which subtly creep into our homes and influence our family life through the little speakerand take time to tune them out.

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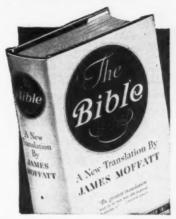
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1. Walter Russell Bowie 2. Francis J. McConnell 3. Ernest F. Scott 4, John Henry Jowett 5, H. V. Morton

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(Continued from page 25)



Now on Mondays ABC NETWORK

Hear the favorite hymns of famous people, and your own favorites, too...on

"CLUB TIME"

Presented by the Makers of CLUB ALUMINUM

Hammercraft Waterless Cookware councilman and judge he could get his fingers on, and ran the town as an adjunct of the street railway and the water company. The old curmudgeon ought to have been run out of town twenty years ago.

This morning, she noted, he didn't look as much like a potato as he generally did. He seemed rather pathetic, like an old ape she had once seen behind bars in the zoo. He looked up at her suddenly and their eyes met. She thought she saw a tear on one of his cheeks. Whatever could have happened to the tough old gaffer? His pet stock must have for once gone down that half point instead of up. She couldn't imagine anything else that would squeeze a tear out of those steely orbs.

She forgot Mr. Barstow and was lost again in her music, playing to Dick on the train, somewhere where the plains began and the farmhouses were little wooded islands in a vast sea of grain. Dick. . . . Dick. . . . Where are you? I am talking to you. Don't you hear? I am telling you that I love you and am praying for you. Oh, Dick, come back! Come back to me! Come soon!

Her eyes, lost hungrily among the fumed oak rafters, dropped again onto the congregation, and on Mr. Barstow. How punctured the big fourflusher

looked. There was still that tear. Operhaps it was another. Mr. Barstow. Of all things! She found suddenly that she was no longer playing to Dick, but to Mr. Barstow, poor unhappy Mr. Barstow. Why unhappy—with his millions and his copper-riveted conscience What difference did it make why? He was unhappy, as Mr. Phillips was, and as she was. Wasn't that enough? They were all one, "united by mischance," Mr. Phillips, Mr. Barstow, Dick and herself, all one, all one. . . .

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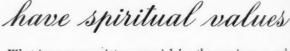
She played the refrain at the close 50 that each note seemed a cry out of her aching heart, a cry and a prayer. As she sat down, Mr. Phillips rose to read the lesson. She noticed that his voice quavered a little, but forgot all about it as she saw old Mr. Barstow suddenly bend down to take his hat from under the pew, and rise and walk uncertainly down the aisle. His shoulders were shaking. Poor Mr. Barstow. She wanted to run down the aisle and put her arms around him.

Mr. Phillips' voice steadied and was firm and clear as always. Marilyn wondered whether there would be anyone to help old Mr. Barstow steady those shaking shoulders?

How you ached for everybody when you really ached for anyone!

THE BUSY

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A bronze name plate (available through your picture supplier) provides permanent marking for your memorial.





SEE YOUR RELIGIOUS SUPPLY DEALER

ALL WE WON WAS A CHANCE

(Continued from page 16)

byproduct. The man who seeks happiness for its own sake never finds it, but as one of the ancients wrote, "If with a pure purpose he goes on about the business of living and serving, happiness will come to him and abide."

As a former editor of this journal, Stanley High has written, "To put peace before principle, is to put the consequence before the cause and to bring both in jeopardy." Compromises in particulars are inevitable in a free society if free men under God are to work out their salvation, but a Munich is not a compromise in particulars, it is a surrender of principle and any peace it promises can be only a lie. Compromise at Munich purchased scarcely an armed truce for those who surrendered principle to men whose hands were crimson with the blood of the Jew and weaponed for the next invasion.

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The moral vitality of America was once weakened by a negative pacifism that denounced war as the ultimate evil and that made peace the ultimate goal. Without debating that fallacy, surely we may agree that any future war would now engage all men and women with their children; that all, from the holiest priest to the gentlest mother, would now become participants. For any man or any nation to remain out of the next world conflict, the conflict itself must be kept out of the world.

Abraham Lincoln once said that he would rather be assassinated than surrender the great American principle "which gave liberty, not alone to the people of this country, but hope to the world for all future time; which gave promise that the weights would be lifted from the shoulders of all men." That is still the goal and that goal in our time demands utmost strength on our part.

Our great ally despises weakness and particularly resents, I think, physical and spiritual demobilization in the presence of work unfinished and duty not yet discharged. Here, at least, is a language that Russia both speaks and understands; a language with which our founding fathers were familiar and which we dare not now neglect. Significantly peace is not Russia's goal, though peace is greatly desired by Russia and in our time at least is essential and even vital to the success of Russia's program.

But equally important with principle is the dynamic; the passion that makes principle come alive in each generation. Of Jesus it was written, "Zeal hath eaten Him up," and Abraham Lincoln, who spoke those flaming words, was himself kindled by their fire until the fire consumed him. Peace conferences, United Nation assemblies, occupation governments are but instruments doomed to fail unless God Himself sits at the head of the table. Specifically, the Golden Rule must become to these unpredictable





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toward a Christian world What's the matter here?

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days what the Atlantic Charter became to the darkest days of the war.

It has been suggested that if realistically the United States were to offer all the bases she now controls or claims for control, and every other special defensive plan, including the A-bomb, to the United Nations with one condition only-that Russia and Britain make their equivalent contribution, lifting "iron curtains" and releasing colonies and mandates, the United States would lay the spectre of self-interest that now stalks our overseas representatives when they bring pressure to bear upon Russia. When, as we see it, Russia fortifies her security with ruthless disregard of both her allies and of weaker states, America's new and far-flung line of defense is an embarrassment to her protest.

Nearly a generation ago, Maxim Litvinov moved the League of Nations as no other man ever did, with his appeals for complete disarmament. With the passion of the Prince of Peace Himself, can we not return to that epic mood and justify a lasting peace in our time? In the American Zone of Germany and in the British Sector of Berlin I have seen at first hand the development of strength for such a moral structure as is here proposed and I am sure that it exists in other sectors and zones.

The German people are incurably religious, as are all other peoples. Indeed Communism itself is at the moment the most militant and proselytizing of all religions. While the party clause barring God and religious belief is still there, increasing freedom has been accorded religious institutions in Russia. Beyond any possible political aspect of this freedom, I believe that increasingly Russia will become Christian. But immediately the Russian Communist is a modern St. Paul who thinks that the world is his Macedonia crying, "Come over and help us!"

One afternoon in June of this year, I hit the "iron curtain" in Berlin, and bounced back. The guard who stopped me and who quite illegally took me to the Russian central control, wore soiled ribbons on his chest and a band about his left arm. He may have risked his life to win the ribbons, but the letters on that band were even more significant: "K.P.D."-Kommunist Party Demo-

cratic.

Does Christianity-Catholic and Protestant-with its Judaic tradition and foundation, have a program and passion comparable to this new religion? In our time will its spirit equal that which made St. Paul the world conqueror of the early church? What about the faith of our fathers? Is it still alive "in spite of dungeon, fire and sword?" Will it presently master with love and the healing works of grace, this new might which covers the earth with suspicion and holds with an iron hand half the world? I believe that upon the affirmative answer to these questions stands the answer to



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the question, "Are we losing the peace?"

In Germany I found at least the beginnings of an affirmative answer. I found the Christian Church under Martin Niemoeller and his associates, and in no less degree the Roman Catholic church under the bishops, moving steadily and heroically to reestablish the institutions of religion where Hitler had all but destroyed them.

Many of the men whom I met had suffered the torture of concentration camps and I was told of my former Christian Endeavor associates, some of them mere boys and girls, who had been killed because they would not bend the knee. Right now these Christian groups and leaders preach repentance with the fervor of Hebrew prophets. For the democratic nations striving toward Lincoln's goal of liberty for themselves and hope for the world, the re-establishing of the Christian Church offers both a unique opportunity to make the new Germany a free nation and also the opportunity to lay the foundation of a new understanding and unity between the allied peoples.

While every religion, and Communism specifically, confirms the fact that man is incurably religious, Judaism and Christianity have had power beyond all others to survive persecution and to propagate their faith. In the restoration of the Christian Church in Germany, all the freedoms are involved. Success here will be significant progress toward a world peace upon democratic foundations. This is the one area in which Russia is not our competitor. She will devote none of her energies to rebuilding Christianity, but as in America, Christianity and Democracy have risen side by side, and prospered together with the complete separation of Church and State, so in the new Germany and in the new world rising upon these still firmly standing spiritual foundations, we may build for ourselves, and for all men, the reality of Lincoln's immortal dream.

"WHERE THE HEART IS"

(Continued from page 33)

you? You . . . you're all I have to love." "That's true." Stan, remembering the little cradle tucked away in the corner of the attic, patted his wife's arm remorsefully. "Yes, that's true. Well, never mind. You say old Mary will get here at noon? That'll give you plenty of time to see me off at the station at four. My bags are all packed. I'll leave them in the car for you to bring. Sure you won't change your mind and come?"

"No, Stan. Especially not, with the way Mary's been acting lately. So absentminded and undependable. But I couldn't get hold of anybody else to stay with me. Goodness knows I did try.

"Now, Elly, listen." Stan was genuinely worried. "If Mary Higgins is coming down sick, you'd better hunt up a high-school girl this morning."



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"Oh, Mary's well," Ellen assured him. It's just that she's upset about Tim. He's her youngest, you know. The one who went into the Marines. She heard from him pretty regularly at first. But she hasn't had any letters for the last few weeks, that's all." Ellen's lips touched Stan's cheek lightly. "You'd better run along, dear, hadn't you? I'll be down with your bags in plenty of time to say good-by."

"Put that tray down," Stan grinned, 'and give me a real kiss now! That's better. Sorry about Mary. Be extra nice to her, won't you, Elly? Well, I'm off."

From the doorway, Ellen watched Stan scoop up the newspaper from the front steps, wave it gayly to George Steiner across the street, then stride off along the elm-lined sidewalk, a new spring in his step. He seemed glad, actually glad, to be going away, even though it meant turning over his practice to that grasping Mr. Steiner. He would be the one to pocket Stan's usual fat fee from the telephone company in November. Stan wouldn't be back till Christmas. Two months . . . maybe she ought to go with him, after all . . .

Ellen sat down thoughtfully. She could pack and dress before Mary arrived, then spend the remaining three hours in telling the old Irishwoman just how to manage. But, no! Ellen stood up briskly. What earthly good would she be to Stan in a Washington hotel, fretting herself sick about this house every minute?

The old banjo clock struck ten wheezing notes, reminding Ellen that she wanted to straighten up the upstairs rooms herself this morning. Stan always left his looking as though a hurricane had struck it.

The noon whistles blew, and Ellen, peering anxiously down to the front walk, saw no sign of the dumpy, blackclad figure that was Mary Higgins. Half an hour later she went down to the kitchen, running her fingers lovingly, as she always did, along the satin surface of the broad mahogany handrail. She must remember to make up a new jarful of beeswax and turpentine. No commercial makeshift had ever polished that beautiful wood.

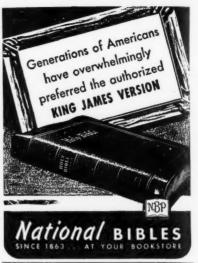
Ellen made a sandwich and a cup of tea, then found she couldn't swallow a thing. At two, Stan telephoned: "How's everything?"

"Stan! I'm worried! Mary isn't here

"Really? That's not so good. Drive over for her and let me know what's the matter. I can come out with a taxi for my stuff, if necessary."

Ellen's hands shook with righteous indignation as she pulled on her heavy driving gloves. To think of Mary's treating her like this, when she had had everything so perfectly planned!

It was half-past two before Ellen pulled up in front of the shabby little



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cottage in Factory Row, noting with a sudden sinking of her heart the halfopen door, the smokeless chimney. Could Mary have . . .? Nonsense, of course she wasn't dead. People didn't die like that. Not wiry, hardworking women like Mary, anyway.

Nevertheless Ellen found it took a real effort of will to push back that silent door, and to step from the dim hallway into the small, barely furnished living room. She stopped short, cold with dread, then suddenly dizzy with relief as Mary, motionless in a chair before the ash-filled fireplace, stirred and opened her tear-reddened eyes. "Oh, Miz Mayfield," she breathed, "it's Tim. I've heard . . . look!" She held out a yellow slip of paper. "Read . . . read what it says."

Ellen scanned the brief message hurriedly, then sank into a chair. "Butbut he's alive," she faltered.

"Sure, glory be to God, he's alive," Mary sobbed. "Wounded bad, but safe arrived on the hospital ship that reached San Francisco only yesterday. That's why them high-ups in the Navy and Marines couldn't let me know no sooner. See . . ." Mary touched her towering black bonnet with its quivering jet sprays "... I had put on me wraps and was jest settin' out to take the trolley car to your place a mite before noon, when here comes the tellygraph boy up the walk. 'It's from Washington, mum,' he says, and things turned black before me. 'Tim's dead,' thinks I. 'My Timmy's dead' . . .

"Yes?" Ellen prompted.

"Well, I took the velly envelope, but I jest couldn't bring meself to open it, mum. I come back in here and sat down, thinkin'-like. I dunno fer how long. I tried to pray, but I couldn't. . . . "

"You poor soul," Ellen murmured.

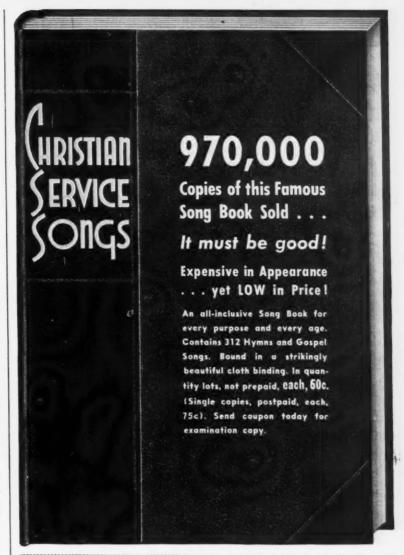
"Finally," Mary said brokenly, "I tore the thing open, hatin' it with every bit of me heart, and then! Then I read what it said, and after that I could pray. And that's what I've been doin' ever since and bawlin' me silly old eyes out fer very happiness! It's sorry I am to have kept you waitin' this long time, Miz Mayfield, but you'll understand . . .

Ellen didn't answer. She was seeingnot this poor living room-but her own Victorian parlor. And in it, beside the unused rosewood piano, she saw herself, with a telegram from Washington in her hand. A telegram about Stan. Stanhurt, or ill, or . . .

"Mary," Ellen gasped, "we must hurry! I've less than an hour to dress and pack. I'm going to Washington, too!"

"Sure, and it's glad I am to hear that," said Mary Higgins heartily. "Your man'd be lost without you, more'n he'll ever let you know. And you'll have no cause to worry about your house. I'll take good care of all your lovely . . ."

"Don't say things to me!" Ellen snapped. "Just button up your coat and get into the car, quick!"



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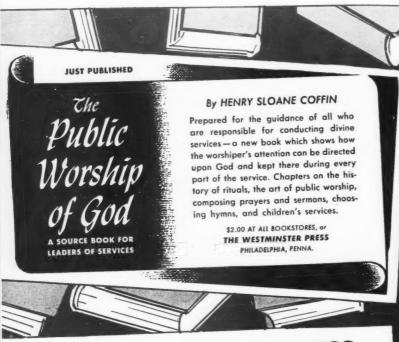
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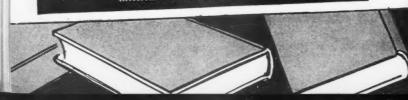
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HE most provocative book in the field of international affairs that has appeared since the atom bomb. THE GREAT GLOBE ITSELF, by William C. Bullitt is a literary atom bomb! The author's pen is weighted from his career as an American ambassador and particularly with his three years in Russia-1933 to 1936. He is a realist but open to the charge that emo-tion sometimes clouds his vision. Arguing that the democratic peoples should support the United Nations to the fullest extent, he is positive about the abolition of the veto power. Short of that he be-lieves that the United Nations will be futile in any final effort against an aggressor great power. He proposes a European Federation of Democratic States within the United Nations.

Finally he submits that "further aggressions" by the Soviet government for the preservation of Soviet peoples as well as for the enduring peace of the whole world should be prevented by force if necessary. It is Mr. Bullitt's expressed conviction that the most legitimate use of force is to hold the field while moral ideas within nations and internationally, achieve their maturity and supremacy. The author of this volume does not shrink from the conclusion of the whole matter (his conclusion)—the use of atomic power, the A-bomb, to stop or to anticipate an aggressor nation, and he is looking toward Russia. A digest of this book has appeared in Reader's Digest, but even if you have read that you better read the complete book.

After reading this little book, THE CHRISTIAN HERITAGE IN AMERICA, by George Hedley, I felt like writing a personal letter of profound appreciation to the author. This review will be just that, first of all. Here is one of the most intelligent, comprehensive, succinct and eloquent statements of the American Christian enterprise that has yet appeared. The brief histories of the denominational families are a compressed but luminous library. The interpretive mood is preserved throughout and when you have finished the final paragraph, a bugle call to Christian unity is ringing in your ears. For me here is, to the date of this writing, the religious book of the year.

Always, Grace Noll Crowell has a song for hungry hearts. She lives with people —men and women and little children—

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and her verses are from them as well as for them, but there is something morethe song is her very own. She writes with faith because always she believes. When you have finished THE WIND-SWEPT HARP. you have the strong feeling that always her faith is justified. "Abraham Lincoln, His Signature," in this little volume is one of her finest.

As edited and translated by Walter Lowry, Gustav Theodor Fechner, the deyout Christian and the scientist, who influenced so largely the life of America's William James, speaks and lives again for contemporary thinkers. Every preacherindeed every thoughtful Christian-will find his religious experience deepened and his faith again and again confirmed by reading RELIGION OF A SCIENTIST. William James prophesied that Fechner would increase in influence as time went on. Fechner had an exuberance that offended many, but his influence was always against the disparagement of mystery. He himself was a mystic as well as a scientist and always there was a song in his heart. He had this to say about pain and suffering: "All the pain and suffering, indeed all the evil in the world, exists not by God's will or His permission but by a necessity of existence; but by a like necessity there is on the part of God, and hence of the world order which depends on Him the constant striving to abolish evil and to reconcile it, a striving in which His crea-tures too must share." Fechner's attitude toward Jesus Christ is not easily defined but certainly He is to Fechner the complete revelation of God and the object of this scientist's infinite regard.

THE GREAT GLOBE ITSELF, by William C. Bullitt. (Scribner, 310 pp., \$2.75

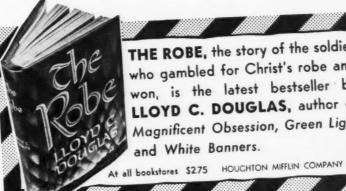
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BOOKS IN BRIEF

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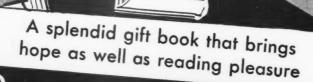
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was also, in his day, a great Christian gentleman who, for one thing, was deep concerned with the development of Mood Bible Institute. The author of this big raphy is an artist; he brings a profe sional touch to religious biographyis something that is sadly missing all to often. Even though those of this generation never knew the hero of his stor (and there is, we think, a little too much hero-worshipping in these pages), the will put the volume down with the con sciousness of having met a great Chris tian as well as a great merchant princeand they will wish there were more men like Henry Parsons Crowell in their own day. A noble book, nobly planned, on subject of real nobility. F. S. M.

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OCTOBER 194

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attention, so many pages and such fine writing The book is, in all its parts, beautifully done. The great granddaughter of Charles II is certainly erotic, much loved and several times married, but I find her nobility in her sons—of course that is something wonderful too. This author has the temperament and equipment to write in any field.

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was. To her, plumpness was a trial but with her exquisite sense of humor she had her satisfaction, as she often expressed it, in the prospect of being a skinny angel in Heaven. The way she stood by her man when the miserable scandal smashed him, frames her life like a sunset. Also her schoolteacher-husband is at last and perhaps always, her worthy

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GENERAL WAINWRIGHT'S STORY, edited by Robert Considine. (Doubleday, \$3.00, 314 pp.) This volume is just that—General Wainwright's story. It has the simplicity of a generous, great character and is as vivid as the battle for Bataan and Corregidor.

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HOW GOOD A CHRISTIAN ARE YOU?

(See page 22)

Check your score by the following table; which lists the credits or points for each of the three answers to each question. (If, for instance, you checked "C" under question No. 1, you get 5 points; if you checked "B" you get one point.) List your points, and add them up for your final score in the space provided on p. 23.

1.C-5 points; A-3 points; B-1 point. 2. C-5; B-3; A-1, 3, B-5; A-3; C-1. 4. C-5; A-3; B-1. 5. B-5; C-3; A-1. 6. A-5; C-3; B-1. 7. C-5; B-3; A-1. 8. B-5; A-3; C-1. 9. B-5; C-3; A-1. 10. C-5; A-3; B-1. 11. A-5; C-3; B-1. 12. A-5; C-3; B-1. 13. C-5; B-3; A-1. 14. C-5; A-3; B-1. 15. B-5; A-3; C-1. 16. C-5; A-3; B-1. 17. B-5; C-3; A-1. 18. C-5; B-3; A-1. 19. B-5; A-3; C-1. 20, C-5; A-3; B-1.

SOMEONE TO REMEMBER

(Continued from page 38)

it. But-" and he turned to Angela's mother, his voice thickening with anger, "but you-you couldn't even let me have that, could you? You had to spoil that for me. I was too dumb to see how impossible it was that my Dad-my Dad-" He broke off, and very quickly he crossed the room and went out.

"Dad," whispered Angela, "Dad." Her fingers tightened on his, and he knew that he had to look at her now, that he had to meet her eyes.

There was no contempt in them as he had feared. But there was a terrible, sad, adult knowledge. Yes, she was really grown up, his baby. She would never again be the candid child she had heen, light-hearted and warmly trusting. That was what he had done to her.

"Forgive me, Baby," he said faintly. "Forgive me."

"Um," Dr. Ross was saying across the room. "Maybe you can help me for a minute, Miss Mackie. Mrs. Esterbrook seems to be having hysterics."

It was long past dinner time when Charlotte climbed the steps to Mrs. Jessop's porch and pushed open the front door. She closed it behind her quietly in the hope that she could get upstairs without being noticed. Just now, she thought, she didn't want to talk to anvone.

Rather, there was only one person in the world she wanted to talk to. Only he evidently didn't want to see her; otherwise he would have waited up there at Esterbrook's, wouldn't he?

"That you, Charlotte?" Mrs. Jessop came bustling into the hall, wiping her hands on her apron. Her eyes were bright with excitement. "Now don't you go another step up them stairs till vou've had a bite to eat. My land, the way I stewed when you didn't show up for dinner! Wouldn't have thought a thing about it, only you looked so peaked this morning."

"I'm awfully sorry, Mrs. Jessop. I should have called you, but-"

"There. I know all about it, and I don't blame you a bit. Got so worked up finally I called Esterbrook's, and Carrie told me about Jim being taken so bad, so of course I knew. And then Dave came tearing in wild-eyed, asking for you."

"Dave? Dave was here?"

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"Still is." said Mrs. Jessop crisply. "Pacing up and down the kitchen, wearing a path in my linoleum. Like to drive me crazy. Can't get a word out of him, aye, yes, or no. You'd think-"

But Charlotte was looking past her shoulder at the door to the dining room where Dave now stood. "Charlotte," he said. "Charlotte, Axel told me down at the office that you'd called and said you wouldn't be down. And I couldn't go back up there to-to Esterbrook's.'

"I know," said Charlotte. She walked slowly towards him.

"Well, I'm sure I don't." Mrs. Jessop shooed them relentlessly on into the dining room. "Need some vittles, both of you, from the looks of you."

"I'm not a bit hungry," said Charlotte. "I'm not either," Dave echoed.

"Fiddlesticks!" said Mrs. Jessop. "Now you set right down. I've kept the pot roast hot, and I'll have something fixed up for you in no time." The door to the kitchen swung shut behind her energetic, determined little figure.

There seemed nothing to do but sit down, so they sat, side by side.

"Are you all right?" asked Dave gently.

She nodded. "Are you?"

"I'm not sure. I'm still sort of numb.

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But I think I'm going to be a new man. Charlotte-

"You might lay off your things, Charlotte," said Mrs. Jessop, coming in with bread and butter and coffee cups. "Or wasn't you planning to stay a while?"

"Why, of course," said Charlotte daz-edly. "I'd forgotten." She pulled off her hat and gloves and slipped out of her

Dave waited until Mrs. Jessop had gone back to the kitchen. Then he began again. "You heard what I told Angela-that I couldn't have married her either?

"Yes," said Charlotte.

"It's true, Charlotte. You've got to believe me. I couldn't have. Not after you came. I couldn't have, no matter what."

She looked deeply into his eyes, those gray, brown-flecked eyes that she knew by heart. "I believe you, Dave."
"Darling," whispered Dave. "Darling,

if it hadn't been for you-

"Here we are," said Mrs. Jessop heartilv, whisking a well-filled plate in front of each of them. "Now make out your dinner."

"Smells good," said Dave. Under Mrs. Jessop's watchful eye he took a bite. "Tastes good, too," he added. He sounded surprised.

does," "Why, it said Charlotte, 'doesn't it?"

Mrs. Jessop sniffed. "A person'd think you didn't expect it to. I'll have your coffee for you in just a minute."

They were alone again. Dave reached for her hand under the table. "If it hadn't been for you, I'd never have known, Charlotte. You did it all."

"No," said Charlotte soberly. "It was Miss Kate, Dave. She's the one to thank for everything. It was Miss Kate -not me."

"I suppose it was. Funny, isn't it, how she can still reach out and straighten things up?

It would always be that way thought Charlotte. As long as there was anyone to remember Miss Kate, she would be there, a sign to live by.

There was a little silence. Then Dave's hand tightened on hers and his voice grew husky. "I knew you were the one. The first time I saw you, I knew it was going to be you."

She had known too-from the very beginning. They leaned toward each other, smiling a little, all the shadow and strain of the past months gone forever.

The kitchen door swung open once more, and Mrs. Jessop came in with their coffee. She looked at them sharply 'Kind of unhandy, ain't it, Dave," asked, "eating with your left hand?"

Then her eyes fell on their empty plates. "Well, I must say, for two people that claimed they wasn't hungry, you've put away a pretty good meal. From the way you've cleaned up your plates, it's going to be a clear day to-



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morrow." She straightened her glasses, and her small, weather-beaten face broke into a tremulous smile. "Yes, sir, a clear day tomorrow."

THE END

LORD SHALL PRESERVE THY GOING OUT (Continued from page 35)

big, none-too-clean handkerchief.

"Don't fret, little Mother Mary." he scolded. "Where's your faith? Don't you know that underneath are the everlasting arms? Don't you know that a loving Father will never let John down?"

Now as she carefully packed John's treasured books, her mind went back to that August day fifteen years ago, when she first met John on the second deck of a steamer on the Hudson River Day Line.

She had looked up suddenly to see him standing there, a trim, vigorous man about fifty, with fine-cut features, hair already white, blind eyes—and a million questions.

"Now, tell me about you," his eager voice had begged her. There'd been so little to tell. Just that she'd been born in England, had come to the States when she was ten, had been educated in the usual way and after graduation had been a worker in several Episcopal churches—and was now on a long vacation.

He was a penniless parson, he confided with a chuckle, now on his annual vacation, which he never varied—a round trip on the Hudson River.

She asked him gently if he had always been blind.

"No, thank God!" he fervently answered. "When I was five years old I lost the sight of one eye. But the other one was good enough to take me through high school and college and later, theological seminary."

Even after his good eye had failed him, following his final examination, he'd still been able to serve his first church all summer, although it had seemed as if he were working in a fog.

That fall he'd gone into a New York

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hospital for the removal of a cataract. There had been a hemorrhage, causing a detachment of the retina, which left him totally blind.

Nothing to do then but resign his church and return to his home, his career as a minister—in a few black months—finished!

At her murmur of quick pity, he moved his white head impatiently, squared his shoulders with a jerk, gripped his invisible staff. He wanted none of that!

A ministerial friend had lifted him out of that pit of black despair by asking him to supply for him in his own church that summer. And there he found himself able to conduct a service without falling flat on his face!

That autumn he had taken his earnings, augmented by gifts from college and seminary classmates, and set out for New York to learn how to live—not just



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exist - as a totally blind person.

And now, he smiled at her, for the happy ending! When he returned home, the little church where he had been summer supply asked him to be their pastor-at a salary of \$200 a year. Gladly he had accepted. That was twentytwo years ago, and he was still there. Only now, they paid him \$600 a year!

Two years later she had married him and then had settled down to try to be the best wife a Presbyterian minister ever had! But try as she would, she had not been able to save any money against this rainy day.

She was labeling the last box of books when Davie bounded in, his hands full of illustrated folders.

"Mary! Mary!" he cried. "The solution! The perfect place for John and you! If only they'll accept a blind minister! A beautiful little furnished apartment, with heat, screened-in-porch, spacious living room, cases for John's books, a garden of his own to grow things in, and a little chapel where he can preach once in awhile-and only twelve dollars and a half a month for rent-

"Where?" shouted Mary, falling over the crates to reach him. "Where?"

"In Florida! Just thirty miles south of Jacksonville. At Penney Farms, near Green Cove Springs. Look! Here are pictures of the attractive little village of Community Homes. This one has four apartments, this one, five-for retired ministers and their wives-"

With shaking hands, Mary took the folders to look at the handsome buildings of French Norman design, the Memorial Chapel, the golf course, the playground, the picnic pavilion-and oh, the picturesque well-kept landscaped grounds! Shrubbery of all kinds, vines, shade trees, azaleas, magnolias, palms, and great stretches of green velvet lawns!

"Don't tell John-yet," warned Davie. "They may not have a vacancy. Leave everything to me. Just sit tight, Mary, and wait!

She waited in an agony of half-hope, half-fear for what seemed like a lifetime of prayerful days and nights.

Then one day David came bounding up the steps to hug her. He pushed an airmail letter under her nose. "Read it!" he exulted. Dizzily she did. It said: "We find we will have a vacant apartment November 1st that we can assign to you. If you wish us to reserve this apartment, please send us \$12.50 in payment of maintenance for November. The apartment will then be held for you until you can come."

"Now," said Davie, "you can tell John; and then we'll all go down to our little church to thank God for His Everlasting Arms."

At last came the glorious day when Davie took them to their new home, and left them there. Barely had he gone when a friendly little lady came knocking at their door, to thrust into Mary's hands a tray on which was a shepherd's



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FRIENDSHIP STUDIOS

pie, piping hot, tea in a teapot, cream and sugar. From a roll of spotless linen peeped out her best sterling silver.

"I'm Mrs. Brown, your next-door neighbor," she smiled. "Welcome home! I thought I'd cook your first supper. You must be very tired . . . Oh, yes, in case your pillows aren't here yet, I put two of mine on your bed . . . Now go and have your supper! Good night!"

Oh that first meal in their new home! John could hardly control his voice as he said grace . . . "So good . . . so kind," he kept saying, his voice catching, as he ate

They stacked the dishes; then she took his hand and led him to a window and told him all she saw. Her throat ached with so much eager talking. But finally she had talked herself out.

"What do you see?" she asked him, never knowing what he saw in the darkness.

Then he spoke, his voice low and shaken. "The Everlasting Arms," he said. "Blessed, upholding arms! Thousands of them—farmers', housewives', businessmen's, old, young. All human arms, Mary; but they are God's own. They are all He has to lift with."

"Dear God," prayed Mary, "make them go on giving to help this haven thrive and grow! Make them go on lifting!"

Then she heard John's voice again, and turned from the stars to look at him. He was standing there, with his white head raised high, and in his firm clasp once more that recovered treasure, his invisible staff.

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"And thy *coming in*," he was intoning exultantly, "from this time forth, and even for ever more."

Oh, this glad coming in for John! At evening, God had brought them home.

CHRISTIAN HERALD VISITS ALLENTOWN

(Continued from page 21)

ought to be in jail, and if I had my way, I'd have 'em there by midnight, every last one of 'em."

I asked, very meekly, who would be running the government of the United States while they were in jail, and while he didn't say it, I gathered that he himself would be able to take care of that. When he got into the race question and the problem of Henry George and the single tax, I though it was time to move along. It wasn't until I stepped on the starter of my car that I discovered it was his mother, not he, who took CHRISTIAN HERALD. He never read anything in it but the jokes, and they were rotten jokes. (We asked him to send some; if he does, we'll let you know.) Oh, well, it was nice and restful sitting there on those back steps, and he was only one out of 77 who felt that way about it, so . . .

A lady not far from there said she wasn't much interested in discussing it: "Look, mister. When I'm hungry, I eat,

SAGA OF THE BEST MAN

-who felt his worst!



9 A. M. The Best Man feels sick and headachy—due to the need of a laxative. And Sis gets married at 11. But

Mom is smart. "You take this sparkling glass of Sal Hepatica, right now," she insists, gently—but firmly.



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drug or pet store right now. They have the Sergeant's Dog Medicines I need to keep me in the pink.

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and I don't stop to ask where it came from." She looked very, very healthy.

We had coffee and kuchen in a farm kitchen three miles from the city limits, toward the end of the afternoon. We picked the place because it was a farm, and we wanted the farmers represented in this little survey. We could look out of the window and see a dozen cows on a low green hill, we could hear a hen out near the barn announcing that her day's work was over. There was the coldest water we ever drank, right from the spring, a glorious old Dutch oven, a mantelpiece with a clock, a motto on the wall that read "The Lord is My Shepherd," a quietness about the place that proved the motto, and a grandmother (she must have been eighty!) in a rocker who just rocked and rocked and said nothing. CHRISTIAN HERALD had been in this family since 1889! We talked of what the magazine had been and what it was and what it might be; we didn't talk about the black market here, for this was a farm, and there was no need to talk about it.

I happened to mention that we found it a little hard, sometimes, to please everybody who read Christian Herald; the readers were so different, and all three hundred and twenty-five thousand of them seemed to want something different. It was when I said that that Granny stopped rocking, sat up in her chair straight as a ramrod, and said softly, and slowly, "Young man, you please God, and forget the rest of us!" Then the ramrod relaxed, and the rocking began again; it was her sole contribution to the conversation, but she said more in those few words than all the rest of us said all put together. It was advice I think I shall never forget. Some day, when things or people get on my nerves again, I think I'll go back to that farm kitchen, and just listen to the clock tick. There was peace there.

Well, that's how they saw it, around Allentown. That's how the questions and answers ran, and that's about what these people were like. They are typical readers of Christian Herald; they are typically American, too. This is not New York, not metropolitan, not a community in which the foreign-born predominate, or even the second-generation foreign-born predominate. These people are American to the core; and they are Christian, and as we finished the round of calls it seemed plainer than plain that if the black market had depended on these Christian Americans, it would have starved to death in a hurry. That there was black market and plenty of it in Allentown I have no doubt; that these people did not support it, I also have no doubt.

They fell into six groups, cleanly:

1. There were those who ignored it because they thought it was wrong; the ex-schoolteacher was typical of this group; they constituted slightly





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better than 79 percent of the total.

- 2. There were those who refused to deal with it strictly on religious grounds; these made up 9 percent of those questioned.
- 3. Some bought incidental "little things" with perfectly clear conscience. (7 percent.)
- 4. There were those who needed so little that they just had no need for it. (3 percent.)
- 5. There were those who just ate less and made the best of it, with no particular convictions as to the right or wrong of black marketing. (5 percent.)
- 6. Then there was the mechanic who traded in it openly and didn't care who knew it. (He was only one out of 77, and not a subscriber!)

Allentown, I believe, is the politest town in America. Automobile drivers actually stop at stop signs; what's more, they wait; they look both ways and they give the stranger in town-this stranger, at least-the benefit of the doubt, and the signal to go ahead. I saw a few cowboys behind automobile wheels, but not enough to count on the fingers of one hand. The only trouble with driving in this town is that it is crazy with oneway streets; it's too easy for a "foreigner" to get mixed up and to get himself heading east on a street where the law says he must head west. After a perfect record for two whole days, I did just that, on my way out of town; a cop pulled me over to the curb and

"Can't you read signs, mister? Or are you stone blind? Let's see your license.'

Perusing the license, he read me a complete lesson on how to get along on a one-way street, proved conclusively that I had not only disrupted traffic in this particular street but in fact destroyed the life, liberty and happiness of all Allentown, and that I deserved a long, long term in jail for so doing. I saw the complete floor plan of Alcatraz while I waited for him to make out his ticket-but he happened to look down and see two copies of Christian Herald on the front seat, and his expression changed just a bit for the good.

"You read that magazine?" he asked. No, we replied, we didn't read it; we just edited it. He looked then with the interest of the farmer who looked at the giraffe in the zoo, and he said slowly,

"My grandfather took that paper, and my old mother takes it yet, and my kids want me to take it. Now look: if you get out of town and stay out, we'll forget the whole thing. Go straight down the next street till you come to the first traffic light, turn left and get on the highway, and keep going."

When I got going, he was standing on the curb, leafing through a copy of CHRISTIAN HERALD.

He was a nice cop in a nice town. Someday, we think, we'll go back to Allentown and stay longer.

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Faced with her first case of infantile paralysis while serving as a "bush nurse" in Australia, Sister Kenny (Rosalind Russell) gets no help from the doctors, only the telegraphed instructions: "No known treatment; treat the symptoms." She does so, and stumbles onto the method that made her famous.

Film reviews and ratings by the Protestant Motion Picture Council, cooperating with the Protestant Film Commission, Inc.

THIS film may or may not be rated one of Hollywood's outstanding productions of 1946. But it receives election by the Protestant Motion Picture Council as the "Picture of the Month" because it brings to the screen something that rises above mere entertainment—though there is plenty of that quality in it. "Sister Kenny" brings us the warm and living biography of a great woman of our day, dramatically demonstrating the immense humanitarian good that can be wrought by a life motivated by service. For this film, the producers (RKO) deserve such a round of hearty applause as will encourage the production of others like it.

Based on the book "And They Shall Walk" (by Elizabeth Kenny in collaboration with Martha Ostenso), the film presents Elizabeth Kenny as she was and is -a courageous woman courageously fighting an uphill battle not only against a dread disease, but against the spite and prejudice always met by those who pioneer in any field. We are not sure that members of the American Medical Association will like it, for it is rather tough on medical men. Perhaps too tough. Certainly the majority of doctors are not as stupid and reactionary as those depicted in the film. And if the picture leaves that impression, it performs a disservice to a profession that, for all its



The real-life Sister Kenny poses with her cinematic counterpart Rosalind Russell, during the filming of "Sister Kenny."

faults, is among the most unselfish and sincerely scientific of any.

Yet the picture-goer will be unfair if he views the film only as a propaganda vehicle for Miss Kenny and against the medical profession. Its purpose is rather to depict a great woman and her life's work. The greatness of her discovery—and the possibility of passing it on to others not so peculiarly gifted—may still be in question. But there is no question of the greatness of the woman herself.

The character of Miss Kenny is portraved sincerely and with integrity by Rosalind Russell. There is no glamorization, no strained attempts to inject traits the subject herself does not possess. She is discouraged often, petulant at times, combative and outspoken, harsh to opposition wherever it appears—but an admirable fighter always. If she was occasionally as intolerant of the doctors as they were of her-well, that was Sister Kenny! (And incidentally, we were pleased to see that in the film she clears up the misconception which her appellation often carries in this country, namely, that because she is called "Sister" she must perforce be a Roman Catholic nun. She explains to newspapermen that the word is a title of rank given a nurse serving with the Australian Army.)

Briefly, the story traces Miss Kenny's career from her graduation as a nurse

in 1919 to her establishment (and at least tentative acceptance by the doctors) in the "Kenny Institute" in Minneapolis. It is while serving as a "bush nurse" in the Australian hinterland that she tackles a strange sickness that baffles her, as well as the medical profession, and stumbles onto a technique surprisingly curative of "polio." The story of her giving up marriage to care for those stricken with this disease, opening clinics in epidemic centers (and the closing of them by the opposition), of her service as an army nurse, of her embitterment at the persistent blockading of her efforts, and of her eventual coming to America and achieving recognition at long last-that story makes the film.

Alexander Knox, as the general practitioner who encourages her and fights her battles, albeit without too much success, is splendid in his part. And Dean Jagger, as the man Miss Kenny gives up, is equally capable and sympathetic in his role.

The story, of course, does not conclude—because the life and work of Miss Kenny are not concluded. But it is a picture well worth seeing, and taking the family to see. Its underlying "lesson" is that if the suffering of mankind is to be alleviated, it will only be by the cooperation of all branches of science and the recognition that "people are more important than systems."

Previous "Pictures of the Month":

Dragonwyck (20th Cent.-Fox); Bandit of Sherwood Forest (Columbia); Devotion (Warner); Courage of Lassie (MGM); Anna and the King of Siam (20th Cent.-Fox); Henry V (United Artists).

OTHER CURRENT FILMS
Audience Suitability Ratings:

\text{\text{A-Adults; YP-Young People; F-Family}}

CLAUDIA AND DAVID. (20th Centfox). An excellent bit of entertainment,
presenting again the characters who made
'Claudia' so enjoyable—Dorothy McGuire and Robert Young. It is the story
of two very human and believable young
people who work out their problems of
marital adjustment in an engaging way.
This is light drama, with touches of
comedy and a serious undertone, pointing
up the fact that understanding and confidence in each other are the best ingredients for a successful marriage.

TWO YEARS BEFORE THE MAST. (Paramount.) Based on the book by Richard Henry Dana, this is only for those who can view repeated episodes of brutality without too much wincing. For its time, the story doubtless served as a potent pressure piece for the improvement of merchant seamen's conditions; its value now is mainly historical. If you like your film fare rough and tough, this may be enjoyed; if your sympathies are tender, better stay away.

CANYON PASSAGE. (Universal.) Life in the Oregon country in 1856. For lovers of adventure stories in historical settings, also those who appreciate beautiful nature scenes in natural color. The grim life of the frontier, the settlers' helpfulness for each other, the endeavor to preserve law and justice, the faithfulness of friendship to the extent of personal sacrifice—all are sincerely portayed by Dana Andrews, Brian Donlevy and Susan Hayward.

CAESAR AND CLEOPATRA. (United Artists.) The "grandeur that was Rome," the wit of George Bernard Shaw, the elements of "spectacle" portrayed in technicolor, plus some excellent acting on the part of the principals (Vivien Leigh and Claude Rains) combine to make this film good, although it drags at times in order to give the actors a chance to do justice to the long, though of course eloquent, speeches put into Caesar's mouth by Mr. Shaw. But it is an impressive study of the dangers of power.

THEY WERE SISTERS. (British.) In the main, the story of a husband who takes pleasure in mentally torturing his docile and loving wife. The marriages and normal lives of the other two sisters are interesting, and an effective contrast to the abnormal life of their sister. A dramatic presentation of several vital problems, paramount among them being the importance of bringing up children in a well-balanced atmosphere.

OF HUMAN BONDAGE. (Warner.) This remake of the famous film of a few years back does not live up to its predecessor, and does not do justice to Somerset Maugham's realistic story of a young

medical doctor who, to fight his inferiority complex and frustrations, lowers himself to love an unworthy woman. The happy ending, which is not in the book, is tacked on presumably to give the film a moral ending and audience acceptability. Actually, the ending distorts moral values, since the dissolute doctor, without any spiritual regeneration, is accepted as a proper husband for a fine girl of good family.

STRANGE LOVE OF MARTHA IVERS. (Paramount.) The story of a young girl's whole existence conditioned by hate and guilt. Psychological drama, well acted. Could be misleading to younger audiences.

NOTORIOUS. (RKO.) Despite some reprehensible aspects to this story, it must

Portrait of a Moviegoer

By PAUL F. HEARD Exec. Secty., Protestant Film Commission, Inc.

HEN we criticize films, we are told that inferior films are what you want —you pay millions of dollars for them in quarters and nickels and dimes. And what happens when a good picture is produced? Very often you simply do not so.

Very often you simply do not go.
You want escape. You do not want a
film to have anything to do with life—
that life which frustrates and inhibits you
and of which you are unconsciously afraid.
You do not want a film which makes you
feel too deeply, or think very much at all.
You like typed characters, the obvious
plot, the pat phrase. There are stock
situations at which you may be counted
on to laugh or cry, with infinite regularity.
The hero who marries the boss's daughter,
the poor girl who becomes rich—yes, even
the criminal who breaks jail—these, in
truth, are your delights. Purring motor
cars, vast houses, beautiful clothes, sexy
women and virile males, the attentive
butler and the easy drink—it is by the
portrayal of these that the movies satisfy
the alleged desires of your secret heart.

the alleged desires of your secret heart.
You pretend to be shocked, but you really love the brittle talk, the suggestive innuendo of gay dialogue, for these elements glamorize and make "right" the kind of life you want the cannot have

of life you want but cannot have.

And how you love the happy ending!
It must—it simply must—turn out all right,
at least on film! For the days of your life
are deadly, monotonous and dull, and
neither gregariousness nor solitude, industry nor leisure, morality nor vice, nor
all your scoffing or all your piety, can
quite banish the deep despair which
clutches at your heart.

Your idols are money, sensation, and a brand new car, whatever lip service you may give to other creeds. You have no faith. You have no real God.

This is you, the moviegoing audience.
Or is it?

If it is not, why have many good films, in terms of box office, been colossal flops? Films like "Abe Lincoln in Illinois"? This was certainly a good picture. And where were you? If this is not the kind of audience you are, why have you disapprovingly gone to bad films, and let the good films fail?

Do we really want better films? The only way to prove to producers that we mean business is to stay away from bad films and to support the good films at the box office in terms of dollars and cents.

be admitted that Ingrid Bergman and Cary Grant lift it by their outstanding performances. Directed by Alfred Hitchcock, this is a tense and tough portrayal of the tangled attempts of a Nazi agent's daughter to atone for her father's treason. No picture for children; should be labeled "For Mature Adults Only."

SWAMPFIRE. (Paramount.) Very involved plot unfolded in the Bayou country of Louisiana, with elements of social inequality, jealousy and exploitation.

IT SHOULDN'T HAPPEN TO A DOG. (20th Cent.-Fox.) But it does—and the Doberman Pinscher "Rodney" is quite an actor. Sleuthing in the more agreeable manner.

Second Raters:

Sing While You Dance. (Columbia): Silly story about song-pluggers of Tin Pan Alley; A, YP. Danger Woman (Universal): The atomic bomb and what to do about it, plus several murders and some romance; A, YP. Deadline for Murder (20th Cent.-Fox): Mystery stuff, too much gambling and drinking; A. The Man From Rainbow Valley (Republic): A wild horse is coveted by a man who tries unsuccessfully to get him dishonestly from his owner; Western settings, some suspense; F.

"March of Time" Subjects:

Problem Drinkers is a smooth, typical Time-style study of habitual drunkards and the organizations—especially Alcoholics Anonymous—which endeavor to help them. Does right by the AA, pointing up its religious motivations, but does wrong by other temperance workers, ridiculing the lunatic fringe and being totally unfair to the many sincere and intelligent members of such groups.

Atomic Power! is an exceptionally well

Atomic Power! is an exceptionally well done story of the development of the bomb, the men behind it, and the threat to the world that lies in atomic power's misuse.

Previously Reviewed and Rated:

Spellbound A; Dragonwyck F; Bandit of Sherwood Forest F; The Virginian F; Bad Bascomb F; Partners in Time F; Burma Victory F; The Green Years F; So Goes My Love F; Make Mine Music F; Yank in London A; Saratoga Trunk A; The Kid From Brooklyn F; Courage of Lassie F; Boys' Ranch F; Cluny Brown F; Renegades F; The Stranger A, YP; Sunset Pass F: Do You Love Me? F: Vacation From Marriage A, YP; Anna and the King of Siam F; Smoky F; O.S.S. F; Dressed to Kill F; The Searching Wind A; Two Smart People A, YP; Somewhere in the Night A; One More Tomorrow A, YP; Till the End of Time A, YP; Dead of Night A, YP; Centennial Summer F; Three Wise Fools F; Specter of the Rose A; Monsieur Beaucaire F; Little Mister Jim F.

Definitely Not Recommended:

The Blue Dahlia (Paramount); Bedlam (RKO); Three Strangers (Warner); The Postman Always Rings Twice (MGM); Suspense (Monogram); The Strange Trangle (20th Cent.-Fox); Her Kind of Man (Warner); The Outlaw (United Artists); Lover Come Back (Universal); Dark Corner (20th Cent.-Fox).



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ONLY ONE TO A CUSTOMER

(Continued from page 27)

Then he lifted the tiny remaining segment and put it on my plate.

One April Fool's day he was in a hotel in Chicago, where he had gone for a conference on some government business. He was looking out the window when he discovered that on the opposite corner were some men and boys who had fastened a half dollar to the pavement, and then had withdrawn to watch the passerby who tried to pick it up. My father enjoyed this immensely, from his distance

Then he put on his hat, rang for the elevator and strolled over to the corner. As he "discovered" the fifty-cent piece apparently lost on the pavement, he stopped in elaborate pleasure. He looked around cautiously, pantomiming a man who can hardly believe his good luck, then he stooped over to pick it up, carefully planting his foot on the coin as he bent. When he straightened up, he flipped another fifty-cent piece into the air, the way he flips his buckeye. Then he winked at the jokesters, and went back to the hotel, where he was trying to lick a production problem for the Navy Department.

I came home from college knowing an awful lot. But he was very patient with me. One of the things I had learned was that my father was pretty old-fashioned and silly because he neither smoked nor drank. I didn't intend to miss any of the pleasures, when I got around to them!

"I haven't missed any of them either," he said good-naturedly, when I explained this in my lofty, young way.

"You don't know whether you have or not, if you've never tried them," I said scornfully.

"I tried smoking for a couple of months. But I found I liked something else better.

"What?" I said reluctantly, knowing I was getting into something.

"I liked kissing my new baby. You were a few weeks old, and I didn't think you liked cigarette smoke on your Daddy. I liked you better than smoking."

I knew, then, that I liked him better than smoking. So that ended the subject for both of us.

Once my father was spending the summer on Cape Cod, where he was ushering in a small, but active, church. Without telephoning that I could come, I drove down from Boston and walked decorously down his aisle. Not a flicker of anything but polite acknowledgment of a stranger in the congregation crossed his face as he seated me next to a woman who was also a stranger.

Before the service started, she leaned over and whispered to me, "Did you ever see such a sweet face on a man?"

'Never," I said. And I meant it. (Continued on next page)

ou Go To Bed

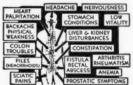


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I hope they do let him run away to sea. And that there are restless, questioning youngsters on that ship who'll ask him things and listen to what he says. And if he does finally make that ship. there will be such youngsters, for they have sprung up wherever he goes, to love him and listen to him and pattern themselves after him, the way his own children have tried to.

People . . . all kinds of people and all kinds of ages . . . need reliable fathers these days. One of my wise-cracking young friends, talking about divorce, says, Everybody ought to be entitled to at least one father.

I agree with that, solemnly. It is a deep human need, and if we do not find our father at home, we must seek him in other men. The world gives us many things, but some of the best memories and treasures and understanding could not be given to us by anyone except a wise and lovable

It is no wonder that we spell the same word with a capital letter to give it the highest meaning we know.

TEA TIME CHAT

(Continued from page 42)

fudge recipe into ready cash, you'll have to watch out for that little matter of shortages, and use only ingredients that can be easily obtained, or the product will lose its reputation very quickly if substitutes are used. But taking these things into consideration, with imagination-and it takes a lot of that-plus good hard work, the project can be a success. I don't mean to sound discouraging, but I always like to know as many factors as possible before I venture into any great undertaking, and that is just what this would be. But it can be done -that group in Amarillo has proved it.

So many people have commented on the bread article that I am more than pleased to have hit on a subject with such general interest, and for Mrs. C. L. D. of Poughkeepsie, N. Y., plus a few more inquirers, I am adding this P.S. Yes, you can make No-Knead Whole Wheat Bread, and I certainly will give you the recipe:

WHOLE WHEAT BREAD Combine 1 cup scalded milk, ½ cup shortening, ½ cup brown sugar, 4 teaspoons salt. Cool to lukewarm by adding 1 cup water. Add 2 packages yeast, compressed, or dry granular and mix well. Blend in 2 eggs, 3 cups unsifted Pillsbury Whole Wheat Flour.

Add gradually 3 cups sifted Pillsbury Best Enriched Flour, mix well until blended. This dough will be softer than a kneaded dough. Place dough in greased bowl and cover. Store in the refrigerator or a cold place at least two hours, or until needed. Shape chilled dough into two loaves on a well-floured board, place in greased 9 x 3 x 4 inch pans and cover. Let rise in warm place (80-85 degrees F.) until doubled in bulk, about 2 hours. Bake in a moderate oven (375 deg. F.) for one hour.



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Edited by FRANK S. MEAD

Freedom of Worship

Dear Sir:

Congratulations! I didn't think you had the nerve. I am referring to your article "Does the Catholic Church Believe in Freedom of Worship?" It is especially good because they have no comeback, unless they wish to criticize their own writings!

Detroit Lakes, Minn., Rev. R. G. Troeger

Dear Sir:

Undoubtedly the questionnaire which was printed in Christian Herald of August should be put into tract form . . . May God richly bless you in the great work you are doing.

Selma, Alabama Rev. John A. Davidson

Dear Sir:

You have insulted our American Christian conception of freedom and justice by filling the pages of Christian Herald with hatred, abuse and distortion of things Catholic. . . . Would you like to see the 2ope lynched by our twentieth-century Protestant Ku Kluxers?
Lewisburg, Pa. Daniel Gerard Buckley

• We were deluged with letters written in the vein of readers Troeger and Davidson; reader Buckley wrote the sole letter of adverse criticism. This turns out to be one of our most popular articles since our first issue.

We will not engage in a longdistance brawl with Mr. Buckley. We remark only that his letter is no contribution to the great American concept of freedom of speech!

Record

•Quite some mail has reached us as a result of the little item on George Slee ("Straight Talk," August). Mr. Slee seems to have a few competitors for high honors in Sundayschool attendance.

Readers write to tell us that Miss Ethel Wakefield of Washington, D. C., has a record of 50 years perfect Sunday-school attendance. (Mr. Slee's record, you may recall, was 25 years.) J. W. Whiteside of Spring Valley, Ohio, hasn't missed for thirty-three years. Others run down to the quarter-century of Mr. Slee; their names are so numerous we cannot mention them here.

Miss Wakefield is far out in front as we go to press. Any more?

More Screamers

Dear Editor:

As a minister I know of the trials and tribulations one must endure while delivering a sermon in the face of "screamers." Either it becomes a contest between the preacher and the baby to see which can out-holler the other, or we must tactfully suggest that the infant be taken out, which invariably produces an irate parent, no matter how kind we were in the suggestion.

You indicated the truth of the matter your defense of Editor Courier when you stated: "He was only trying to make it comfortable for the adults, and a lot of adults seem to object to that." Exactly! A lot of adults, both the parents and the spectators, seem to be looking hopefully for something which will take their minds off the sermon; they are delighted to hear some baby in the congregation tune up.

I am for putting both screamers and adults who prefer to listen to them in the enclosed glass cage, because there are some who earnestly desire to hear the sermon.

C. M. Warr, Asst. Pastor,
Columbus, Ga.

First Baptist Church

• Brother, you are a friend forever! And, for some reason or other, the only preacher in the United States who writes to agree with poor Editor Courier!

Short, Sweet

• A letter after our own editorial heart reached us this month from Dorothy E. Masson of Chicago. Miss Masson writes, beautifully: "Gentlemen: Your Daily Meditations for the month have been exceptionally fine. I thank you." What a gift is brevity!

One For The Critics

Dear Editor:

I am a lady 81 years old, and not wise enough to be a critic. But when I read the letters you receive I want to say this: I have read your magazine for years; it has been a family friend, and I would feel no more like criticizing you than I would

IN RESPONSE TO POPULAR DEMAND, we are reprinting two articles in pamphlet form: "Does the Catholic Church Believe in Freedom of Worship?" from our August issue, and "But Catholics Do Turn Protestant," from September.

These reprints will be available at 25c for 5; \$1.50 for 50; \$2.00 for 100; 1c each for all over 100.

Get in your order early; the paper situation limits the number we will be able to print, and they will go quickly. Send your order to Managing Editor, CHRISTIAN HERALD, 419 Fourth Ave., New York 16.

any other old friend. It seems to me that you editors have had more experience than the reader. There are always fine articles and the stories have been fine, too . . . One of my young minister friends said he prayed for patience and the Lord sent him nine children. I am wondering if you prayed for patience and had the Lord send you critics?

Never you mind! I think you are doing as near right as anyone in your position could do.

Bangor, Mich. Miss Mary C. Hale

 Some day we're going to stop off at Bangor, Michigan, and thank Miss Mary Hale in person for that one! Would God we had more like her.

Movies

Dear Sir:

I just want to tell you that your movie guide is such a help to me and my sons. The youngest one (12) loves movies, but he is smart enough to know that he doesn't have to beg to see a certain picture when he can say, "Mom, it's a good one. Christian Herald says so!"

Keep on fighting for better movies, please. It is my opinion that when Christian people refuse to attend the pictures which your Council decides are definitely degrading, then Hollywood will sit up and take notice. I liked what Mr. Massey had to say . . . So keep up the good work of editing a grand magazine, and a Christian one.

Modesto, Calif. Mrs. Clair Hackett

• Mrs. Hackett puts her finger right on it. This is exactly why our Protestant Motion Picture Council was formed, and we are becoming very, very humble as we receive more and more letters from mothers like this, who depend upon our columns to guide them in their choices of motion pictures. And this is only the beginning....

No Comment

Dear Editor:

In your July number, in an item headed "Leaders" (News Digest) you advise praying in the presence of our leaders. I believe the results would be far better and have greater results if most church members would pray for knowledge, wisdom and ambition to inform themselves so as to know right from wrong in the best interests of our country. I have paid considerable attention to the influence of church members in public affairs, and I have concluded that the majority don't know much about it and care less. Many of them pray Kingdom come, Thy will be done on earth . . ." but so far as many of them are concerned they just let the country go to the dogs. We have many good men and women in this country, but they don't come out for public office because the good people won't see that they are elected and support them when they get into office. The politician obeys the majority and the good people would be in the majority if they would just wake up, follow Christ's teachings and example and go to the polls and vote intelligently-which would be good for the United States of America! Sam B. Woods Griffith, Indiana

 Maybe there is something we should say here, but for the life of us we can't think what it is. This one just leaves us plumb speechless!



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